

Edw. Hofford



Normal School

London

YEAR BOOK, 1933

THE WILL TO SUCCEED

It takes more than will power to succeed in life. It takes a healthy, vigorous brain and a well-built frame with no weak spots. The time to build that kind of a foundation for future success is in early youthhood.



Don't think of it as merely a piece of delicious chocolate. It is that, of course. It is also, in its nature, one of the truest and most concentrated foods you can use. It nourishes every department of the body with practically no waste.

Neilson's

EAT A BAR EVERY DAY

"The Best Milk Chocolate Made"

"Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers."—Tennyson.

G. W. Hofferd

THE YEAR BOOK
OF
CLASS OF 1932 - 1933

Published by

STUDENTS OF THE NORMAL SCHOOL
LONDON, ONTARIO

"Not only is there an art in knowing a thing, but also a certain art in teaching it."—Cicero.



C. E. MARK, B.A., D.PAED.
PRINCIPAL

PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE

TO THE CLASS OF 1932-1933

MY CONTACTS with the members of this class have been of such a uniformly pleasant nature that I have nothing but the best of wishes for every graduating student.

I could wish that we were able to guarantee a position to each on leaving with a reasonably adequate emolument.

But I have a better wish, capable of more general fulfilment, that your professional zeal may grow from more to more; that, with youth, energy, ambition and industry, you may travel far down the open road that now lies before you; that, after two or more years of preliminary teaching adventure, you may come back to us, more enthusiastic, more ambitious, more capable, happy and satisfied with your chosen lot.

C. E. Mark

NORMAL SCHOOL



LONDON ONTARIO



LONDON NORMAL SCHOOL



T. E. CLARKE, B.A., B. PAED.

Master: Science of Education, Grammar and Composition.

INVOCATION TO YOUTH

"Come then, as ever, like the wind at morning!
Joyous, O Youth, in the aged world renew,
Freshness to feel the eternities around it,
Rain, stars and clouds, light and the sacred dew.
The strong sun shines above thee:
That strength, that radiance bring!
If Winter come to Winter,
When shall men hope for Spring?"
— Laurence Binyon.



G. W. HOFFER, M.A., D. PAED.

Master: Science, Agriculture, Nature Study, Spelling.

"Pity the sorrows of the poor old dog,
Who wags his tail, a-begging in his need.
Despise not e'en the sorrows of the frog,
God's creatures too, and that's enough to plead.
Spare puss who trusts you, dozing on the hearth;
Spare bunny, once so frisky and so free.
Spare all the harmless creatures of the earth;
Spare and be spared—or who shall plead for thee?"



J. G. McEACHERN, B.A., B. PAED.

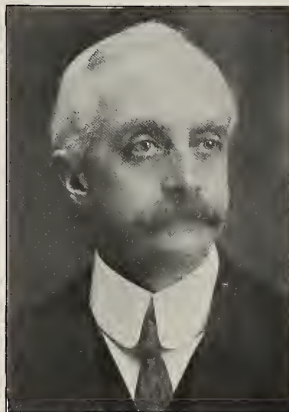
Master: History, Literature, Reading.

Poetry is the "breath and finer spirit of all knowledge."
— Wordsworth.



E. H. McKONE, B.A., B. PAED.
Master: School Management, Mathematics,
Primary Reading.

"A poor life this if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare."
—W. H. Davies.



S. PICKLES.
Instructor in Manual Training.

"The instinct of workmanship brought mankind from
the brute to the human plane."



CAPTAIN ALBERT W. SLATTER.
Instructor in Physical Culture.

"Life is a condition of incessant changes dependent on
ceaseless operation and repair."

—Dr. Schofield.

"Exercise the body sufficiently and intelligently, and
reap the benefit of its greater usefulness, poise and health."

—Capt. A. W. Slatter.

NORMAL SCHOOL LONDON ONTARIO



C. E. WHEELER, F.C.C.O.

"Music is the universal message of mankind."
—Tennyson.



W. F. MARSHALL

Instructor in Writing

In writing use letter-shapes that most people are familiar with.



DOROTHY EMERY, A.O.C.A.

Instructor in Art.

"Artists may produce excellent designs but they will avail little unless the taste of the public is sufficiently cultivated to appreciate them."

—George C. Mason.



A. B. NEVILLE.

Instructor in Household Science.

"No community can rise above the level of its individual homes."

—Richards.



LOUISE GAHAN.

Librarian.

"Books free a man from the limitations of his age, his country, his personal experience. They offer him friends, travel, the knowledge of life, education, the means of making a life."

—H. W. Mabie.



N. HEFFERNAN.

Secretary and Registrar.

"I love old abbeys
With high, carved portals
And dim, cool corners,
Where tired hearts pray.
I join them in the silence,
And repair my soul."

—Wilson MacDonald.



MESSAGE TO THE TEACHERS-IN-TRAINING AT THE LONDON NORMAL SCHOOL



THE enrolment in the Normal Schools and in the Ontario College of Education continues to be very large. The presence of so many teachers-in-training in these training schools is ample proof that there is one group of citizens who are imbued with a strong faith in their prospects in their own Province. With zealous application, the members of the teaching profession continue their efforts from year to year in the direction of self-improvement and advancement.

Whether in urban or in rural schools the teacher's field of service may be, you will find that there is ever before you the pleasant task and duty of training the men and women of the rising generation for their various places in the life of the Province. It is in no small degree that we depend upon your efforts for the standard of our citizenship. Both as a private citizen and as Minister of Education, I continue to place a high estimate on the standards and work of the teacher. That you will continue to maintain those standards and be an inspiration to the youth, and that in future years you will experience a peculiar and a personal pride in your achievements, is my sincere wish.

GEO. S. HENRY,
Minister of Education.

Toronto, May 2nd, 1933.



YEAR BOOK EXECUTIVE

Standing—H. H. Lodge, M. Lankin, H. G. Edgar, J. L. Haldane, E. C. Boughner, R. A. Lajeunesse, A. D. Kidd.
 Sitting—R. M. Arnold, G. E. Philpot (Business Manager), Dr. Hoffer (Advisor), M. H. Thornton (Editor), K. A. Sutherland.

EDITORIAL



*"Words are things, and a small drop of ink,
Falling like dew upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think."*

OF all the objects for contemplation in this life of myriad interests, the most inherently fascinating in words—"little dark, exciting words," as some poet has called them. Their value is measureless, their importance can never be accurately judged. They might be termed the keys to successful living, the talismans whereby we attain happiness, the "Open Sesames" to all the locked doors found in the corridors of life. Of course, we take them for granted. They seem so common, just like the dandelion—a really beautiful flower unappreciated because of its ubiquity. But consider how we depend on words! They form the foundation of friendship, they are essential in all careers, they serve to measure our educational growth, and they constitute the links that join each generation to the preceding one and thus forge the whole chain we call Progress.

It was through the exchange of ideas that the world emerged from the clouds of primitiveness into the sun of civilization. The transmission of these ideas from one fellow being to another may be effected through the spoken or written word. The former was the earliest means of communication and by many is held as most important, evolving as it did from mere signs or grunts of prehistoric men to highly intelligent drawing-room or political conversations. The latter is an achievement of later generations and began with crude symbols on parchment from which developed our printed pages.

All down through the ages can be traced the eager desire for contact, the desire to express ourselves to others and in so doing to form friendships. We accomplish this through the mysterious instrumentality of speech, so subtle, so evasive, so intangible, so astonishingly effective yet so difficult to control. It is hard to say whether one is more overcome when one thinks of what words will do or of what they will not do. They will touch hearts; they will make over lives; they will lead men to heaven or to hell; yet when we try to convey our deepest feelings with them, we stammer and halt and too often have to give up in complete despair.

Did you ever stop to consider that words are the source of our power in teaching? Through them we project our personalities on our little pupils and colour the canvas of the little minds, helping to form their early impressions and their outlook on life. Truly we might twist the words of Scripture, "By our speech shall we be known." Words are the criterion of character. You remember the two sisters in the fairy-tale, one ugly and wicked, the other beautiful and virtuous. Every time the former spoke, toads came tumbling from her mouth; but whenever words issued from

the mouth of the other, pearls fell in a glittering cascade. Of course the story is fantastic, but the allegory still holds in modern life. Unkind or untrue words can poison the whole stream of humanity, whereas kindly, sincere words fall like pearls and are scattered wide. How important to watch our speech since it reveals our character to the world!

Then there are the printed words, also agents of power beyond estimate. There have always been the great authors, and the long line of journalists, probably headed by Addison, who make our language, mould our habits, link our thoughts and from behind their screen of anonymity exercise an influence all the greater because it is undiscerned. The magic of written words is strange. These little symbols made up of fleeting sounds and insignificant impressions on the printed page can flood the human spirit with the richest ecstasy of hope and the deepest horror of despair. They can flit forth over the world with a glory of colour and a splendour of passion and again, ineptly used, can afflict us with the pall of boredom that nothing else can equal. Their power lies not only in plain, direct meanings, but in subtle, remote associations. They carry a dancing joy and glitter even in their mere rhythmic vibration, so that ordered, as the true artist knows how to order them, they make our souls vibrate and quiver with celestial energy—and again melt away with an enervation as enchanting as it is obscure.

Of late in some of the newspapers and over the radio, a great controversy has waged over the choice of the ten most beautiful words in the language. People of every clime have ventured replies but it is all futile. Answers vary widely from mere lists of words to quotations and beautiful passages of scripture. Some materialist has even submitted these ten words which apparently ring like music in his ears: "I am certainly going to raise your salary next month." There is only one obvious conclusion to draw. Words cannot be judged by their intrinsic beauty, but by their associations with what they represent. As we are taught in Grammar, words only represent things. What an impossible task to choose the ten most beautiful things in the world! It would naturally revert to individual opinion.

Here in these pages following, you will find a mass of words—words that form a mirror of our year at Normal School, reflecting what we did and thought during the year—in fact, constituting the very spirit of our sojourn here. May they each prove a little pearl to slip on your string of Normal School associations.

To the masters for their kindly help and criticism in compiling this book of ours, we proffer the simple but sincere words: "We thank you."

MARGARET THORNTON.



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Ruth Blakeley
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OUR VISITORS

○ Our year of studies at Normal School has, from time to time, been brightened by visitors who have brought us interesting and inspiring messages from various branches of activity in the outside world.

Dr. Phair, Director of the Department of Medical Health, and Dr. Conboy, Director of Dental Hygiene, spent three days with us and in a series of interesting lectures conveyed much information which shall prove useful in our work next year.

The Rev. Thomas addressed us for several mornings on the significance of "Alcohol and Life."

We were favored with two splendid illustrated lectures during the year—one, an Astronomy lecture from Dr. Kingston, of Western University, and the other, a talk on the Delights of British Columbia, by Mr. Humphrey.

Mr. Donahue, publicity man for Lawson and Jones, gave us a most novel address on miscellaneous topics such as the Art of Observation, Courtesy and Letter-Writing.

Miss Hamilton proved a very charming speaker, giving us an insight into the work of the Junior Red Cross Society.

Dr. Amos, in jocund fashion, related the story of the work carried on in auxiliary classes.

Miss Carr, of the Federation of Women Teachers' Associations of Ontario, and Mr. Hall, of the Secondary Teachers' Associations proved delightful speakers, revealing the advantages of being linked up with such teachers' organizations.

Few of us shall forget the occasion of Premier Henry's visit to the school. That was a gala afternoon when the whole school gathered in the Assembly with the members of the staff seated on the platform. The Premier spoke of the splendid resources of Ontario, of the new northern highways, and painted a bright picture of the future.

Our own Canadian poet, Wilson Macdonald, also paid us a visit and charmed us with the recitation of some of his best known poetry. We shall long remember the sheer music of the Gregorian chant in "I Love Old Things."

To this group of speakers who so kindly gave their time and thoughts to us, we offer sincerest thanks. We are sure we have gleaned much useful knowledge.



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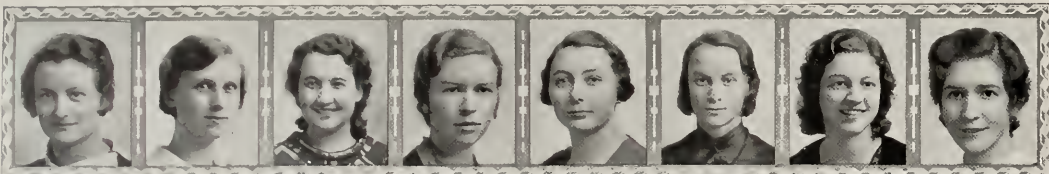
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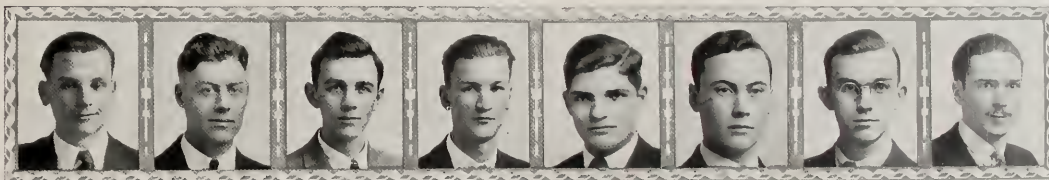
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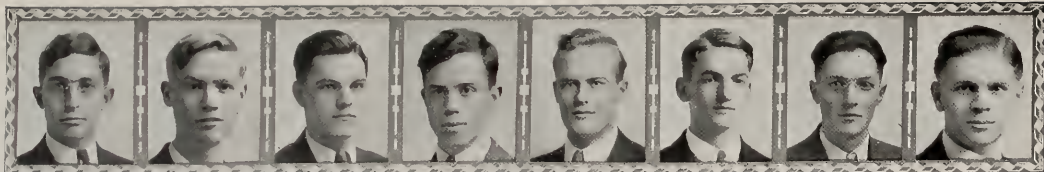
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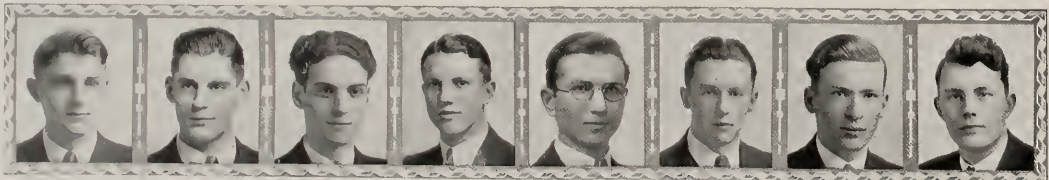
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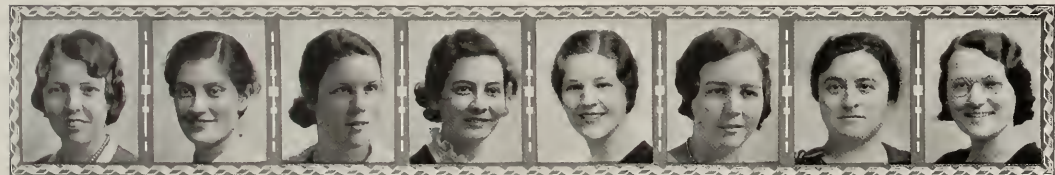
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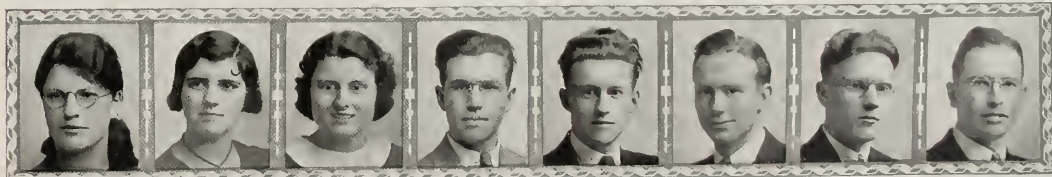
FRANCES WIGLE
Amherstburg

GOLDIE SWARTOUT
38 Bruce St.
London

EVA THOMAS
Stratfordville

MARGARET WEIR
Thamesford

DEHLIA WILSON
Highbate



IRMA WILSON
Glen Meyer

EVELYN WINTER
Dover Centre

H. G. ANDERSON
Exeter

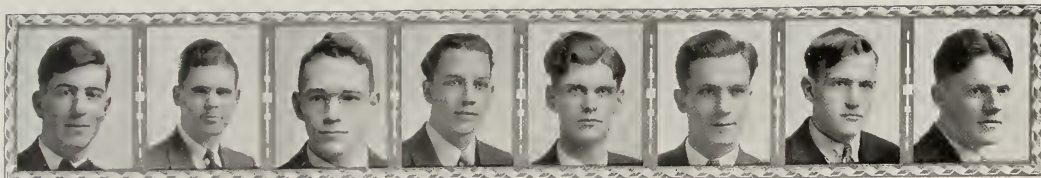
CLIFFORD BROWN
Iona

RUBY ISABELLA WHITE
R. R. No. 2
Hderton

MANLEY F. ADAMS
Southwold

MERLYN BOYCE
Verschoyle

CHESTER D. BROWN
R. R. No. 2
Hderton



LEWIS H. BROWN
Kingsmill

A. N. CAMPBELL
Wilton Grove

GEORGE E. CARR
122 Thames St.
Ingersoll

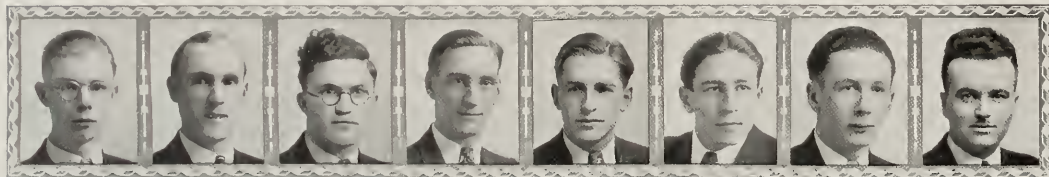
ALLAN CRAIG
Aberfeldy

HAROLD CURRIE
R. R. No. 1
Lambeth

NORMAN DAWSON
664 Windsor Ave.
Windsor

FRANK M. LOAN
Kerrwood

ORVILLE D. GIBB
R. R. No. 2
Sarnia



JACK W. GRANT
Stratfordville

ROSS F. GREGORY
Strathroy

JOHN HANSFORD
Melbourne

ARTHUR D. KIDD
121 Lincoln Road
Walkerville

CHARLES LAING
Bayham

AUBREY LYONS
Kerrwood

MORLEY McCracken
Box 369
Strathroy

MAXWELL J. McINTYRE
Belton



BLAKE W. McLEAN
Cairo

MAX MACGILL
1 Norwich Ave.
Woodstock

ANNETTE ROGERS
642 Ouellette Ave.
Windsor

ORVILLE MILLS
950 Ouellette Ave.
Windsor

LAURENCE E. PATERSON
R. R. No. 7
Parkhill

ROBERT M. PAULIN
Wroxeter

GEORGE E. PHILPOT
1086 Richmond St.
London

P. LESLIE PICKLES
336 Ridout St. S.
London



EARL C. REEB
R. R. No. 1
Cottam

EDWARD (TED) WHITNEY
125 Laurence Road
East Windsor

J. LEE VAN LUVEN, Jr.
146 Victoria Road
Walkerville



SOCIAL ACTIVITIES OF THE YEAR 1932-33

LONDON NORMAL TIMES

September 17, 1932.

STRANGERS to the right of me, strangers to the left of me! But, the faculty were determined that this should be changed to "Friends to the right of me, friends to the left of me." And so, as soon as was possible after our arrival, the staff entertained the students at a delightful afternoon tea on the lawns of the Normal School.

*"Hey, the merry company—the jazz band playing—
Black masks and quaint hats and gowns of olden day.
Spanish girl and sailor lad to the music swaying,
A jolly masquerade our troubles to allay."*

October 28, 1932.

Soft lights, sweet music, beautiful costumes. Last night the fair and the gallant came to participate at the Hallow'en masquerade held at the Normal School. The talented of the school made its debut in a well-arranged and cleverly executed programme which was presented before the dance. After a weird story, the guests were wafted on the wings of mystery to the gymnasium where the dance was held.

The hall was tastefully decorated with black and orange, adding an air of mystery and romance to the event. All the students were there in festive spirits and the affair was given an air of dignity by the presence of the masters and their wives.

December 21, 1932.

*"The students around me danced and played,
Their thoughts I cannot measure;
But the least step which they made,
It seemed a thrill of pleasure."*

The same group gathered again last night at the Normal School, but this time the laughing faces were surrounded with fur and dusted with snowflakes. The annual Christmas party of the student body was decidedly successful. Happy feet tripped the light fantastic and glowing hearts defied the cold outside.

Attentive ears and interested faces told the tale of new ideas absorbed by the students. Many of these will probably be reproduced next year.

Near the end of the gay evening of dancing, a cleverly planned and charmingly served lunch was dispensed to the students and their guests.

Two of the highlights of the social season were the formal afternoon

teas held by Classes A and B of third form. The first tea was held by Class B, when they entertained Forms I, II and VI and the faculty. Mrs. McKone and Mrs. Mark poured, and the guests were served by the members of the class. The centre of attraction at this gathering was Wilson Macdonald, talented Canadian poet. His brilliant conversation entertained many and those lingering longest were favored by hearing him read his charming poem, "Maggie Schartz," and by seeing him perform some of his parlor tricks.

The following week was Class B's privilege to entertain Forms IV and V and the staff. Tea was poured by Mrs. Marshall and Miss Gahan. The guests were delightfully entertained by some of the talented members of that form.

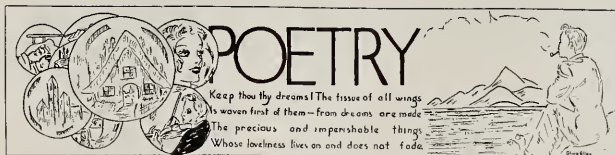
Throughout the year each form has successfully entertained other forms in the school. Some turned to dancing, others to sleigh-riding, but at each party both hosts and guests enjoyed themselves to the utmost.

*"The joyous hours are passed away,
And many a heart that still is gay
Within the school now vividly tells
The tale to Joe, to Rose and Nell."*

January 14, 1933

The charm is broken, the spell is lost. Friday 13! And yet no witches waited or evil spirits lurked about the drives of the University as the cars bore the beautifully gowned women and their escorts to the entrance of Convocation Hall. Strains of sweet music and the shuffle of happy feet greet him who enters the hall after the dances had begun. Approaching to the doorway of the main hall he sees people, as many birds of paradise, and the fair sound of pleasant words and soft laughter. As he stands, he is struck by the sudden beauty of bright missiles hurled from above. Next, he beholds the grand march when the masters and their wives lead the long line of guests around the hall. Then the line breaks up, the faculty, together with the executive of the Literary Society, take their places to formally receive the guests. He is borne along with the throng to another room where everyone partakes of most delightful refreshments. The music may still be heard and the dancers slowly find their way back to the ball room. The end comes all too soon. They are sad that it cannot last forever, but at the same time they are happy that the "At Home" has been a crowning success.

CLAIRE CHAUVIN.



NIGHT MYSTERIES

There's magic in the air tonight,
There's mystery in the pale moonlight!
And in the dusky garden sweet,
The dainty tread of fairy feet;
And tinkling bells and rushing rills,
And flowers, rustling, dewed with silver,
Make such gentle mystic music
That my heart with pleasure fills.

There's something in the air tonight
That lures me forth with mad delight!
Lo! In that row of trees so tall
Shimmering shadows rise and fall;
The plashing fount, the crooning bird
Who sings his last sweet melody,
The playful wind, the whispering pine
Are symphonies one ne'er has heard.

There's sadness in the air tonight,
And omens full of woe and fright!
Beauteous sounds and sights all fade
And in my heart a grief is laid;
A little soul has taken flight
Ascending from a world of pain,
An angel flies on glistening wings
Another mystery of the night!

MARGARET THORNTON.

THE LONELY FLOWER

How soon ashamed does man become
Of his gigantic works and all
When he sees a great God's love portrayed
In a humble flower, so small.

Man's architects could never give
A frame so delicate and fine:
No artist make such beauty live,
No sculptor cut thy line.

I pluck you not nor tamper,
But walk with reverend care
With bowed head, respectful eyes,
On God's presence, pictured there.

GEORGE CARR.

THE CRIPPLE'S YEAR

Raindrops on my window pane,
Driving straight and hard,
Coming with the south wind,
Changing to the east wind,
But to me forever barred.
Spring is here again!

Sunshine on my window pane,
Shining through to me,
Coming on the east side,
Changing to the west side,
Bringing scenes I cannot see.
Summertime again!

Dead leaves on my window pane,
Scratching there to show
That I'll lie here forever,
That I'll be sick forever,
And love I'll never know.
Fall is here again!

Snowflakes on my window pane,
Lying there so cold,
Coming from the north land;
Winter's in the north land;
And soon I shall be old.
Wintertime again!

DORIS SHUTTLEWORTH.

THE DOOR

For now the door is closed:
The fair meadows wherein we roamed
Have faded far away; the glimpse of Paradise
Has vanished. Those lovely flowers
Of common thought and sweet affection
All withered are and dying now;
The Pipes o' Pan so piercing sweet have ceased
To play the tinkling tunes that touched two souls
With magic wand of silvery notes, and all is still
Behind the door that cruelly bars
The sunshine and the music from my heart—
And must friends part and wander on
Alone?

MARGARET THORNTON.

THE CHILD'S DAY

Mother's voice from somewhere,
Mother's face and lovely smile
Kind of floating in the air—
Just been 'sleep a little while.

Sort of tumble out of bed,
Wonder where my clothes are gone,
Mother says, "You sleepy head!"
I can do those buttons alone.

Sunshine's pretty bright today,
And the grass is soft and nice,
Guess I won't go out to play,
'Sides, I don't like Jimmy's mice.

That one bit me yesterday,
Jimmy said it served me right,
So I won't go there to play!
He'll be sorry his mice bite.

That was such a goody dinner,
Mother makes the sweetest pie.
Daddy says it is a winner,
They don't eat the kind you buy.

Wonder how some flowers get red.
Well, I'll ask Mother how—
But then she'd think about my bed.
I'll bet Jimmy's sorry now.

The sun is starting to go down,
The shadows all are getting tall;
Mine is like a giant man
And climbs right up the garden wall.

There is mother calling now.
Wish I didn't have to go.
But if I don't there'll be a row;
Last night daddy told me so.

Milk for supper, then to bed.
'Tisn't too dark yet to see.
Wish that all my prayers were said;
God bless daddy, mom and me!

DORIS SHUTTLEWORTH.



WILLO'-THE WISP

I fell in love with a will-o'-the-wisp
And I worship with reverence.
It is not cold like common sense,
Nor figures, maze on maze.
It winks at me like a falling star
And brightens the world both near and far
Beauty is my mistress, listen to her praise:
In the curved true line of youth
And the dear sweet line of age;
In the soft accent of Italy
And the brogue of Irish lips;
In the apple blossoms swinging free,
In the garden, the hyacinths,
The sweet perfume from the linden tree
And the fragrance of cedar and pine,
Are the haunts of that goddess of mine.
I hear the beat of waves upon a lonely shore
The tinkling of sheep bells as day is o'er
I hear the lark o'er the clamour of street
And the lover's lute in a garden seat
As the music rolls and tumbles and falls
When masters play and beauty appals.
As the poet reads you hold me fast
My spirit bends and my will beats time;
Forgotten are friends of present for past,
And thoughts are vagrant in land and clime.
Fond memory, when all my senses die
Shall hold in store
The beauty found in common things,
In nature, life, and love.
Who asks for more?

CLARENCE SADLER

RAIN

Through the mystic stillness,
Swept with swirling rain,
I hear the pealing of the chimes;
They stir my heart with memories
Of love in former times;
And as the raindrops swish
Against my casement pane,
I see a picture of a grove
And distant, winding lane;
There, too, we strolled together
Through springtime mist and haze,
And now, these bells and gusty wind
Recall those long-lost days.

FRANK DOAN.

THE CYNIC

Jealous am I of the man who can
Sit down at a table and take up a pen
And write words of wisdom and tales so sublime,
And picture a world that is beauty, in rhyme.

That man has reached heavens which only a few
Will be able to see in a far distant view,
A view that is hazy and misty with care,
With only a faint glimmering of hope, too rare.

He has reached heights which are narrow and steep,
And has through the years been able to reap
Honour and glory and love so divine
Which grows more precious and rare through time.

But I, less fortunate, only can stand
And jealously watch while with pen in hand
He soars to his heights beyond my short grasp,
And leaves me to linger there still, to the last.

God grant that when I am called to my rest
I shall not be grouped with those that were blest
With fuller insight into realms so untrue,
But aloof may wander and judge there too.

FRED R. DICKENSON.

MANY WATERS

The drip, drip of the rain at night
Soothes my tired mind;
My weary body feels refreshed
When, in the street, I find
Little pools of rainbow water
Tinted by the sun;
Rivulets are streams of gold
As from the steepes they run.

The lordly rivers beckon me,
Passionate and strong;
A placid lake of deep, deep blue
Is like a restful song—
Would that I might linger there
And let the world go on!

MILDRED SANDERSON, No. 233.



TREES

Old trees! Yes, we love them,
As they warp and lean and wear;
But, 'tis hard to change the ancient,
When the seal of years they bear.

Young trees are so supple,
Ah! their roots are insecure!
To us they are entrusted;
May we help them to endure.

Rangers o'er our forests new,
We must prop and give them space,
That these treelets may unfold—
Staunchest maples of our race.

MARGARET C. HARVEY.

Apologies to Author of "Have You Seen an Apple Orchard in the Spring?"

Have you seen a Normal student in the spring, in the spring,
A bright-eyed Normal student in the spring?
When he's feeling gay and flirty,
While he shouts his love like thirty,
And he gets his white ducks dirty
In the spring?

If you have not, then you know not in the spring, in the spring,
All the joys and all the sorrows of the spring;
For exams are drawing near,
And they're almost dead with fear
That next year they'll still be here
In the spring.

So if you come to London Normal in the spring, in the spring,
Here is just a word of warning in the spring:
Let the birds and flowers go by,
You must fix your hazy eye
On your books until July,
In the spring.

DOROTHY KYTE.

A GRADUATE COMES BACK

(At the Alumni Tea, 1932)

There's a sadness and a gladness
Fills my heart as I sit here,
In the old familiar Normal
Where I spent a happy year.
Gladness in the master's welcome
Or a colleague's hearty hail,
Sadness, for this was the harbour
Which I left, life's sea to sail.

Tasks that once seemed long and irksome
Now have faded in the past.
While happy reminiscences
Come flooding thick and fast.
We play again at basketball,
Our knees and fingers maim,
And if our homework wasn't done,
Well—sure it was one great game!

Times we were "dumb driven cattle"
And not "heroes in the strife,"
Rushing madly to Assembly,
To be late was worth your life!
Quaking before critic teachers
(Be still, oh thou thumping heart!)
Yet should we teach snow in Cuba
We had "A manner quite apart."

As I gaze on each newcomer
Tall and short, or thin and shy,
I can tell they all are teachers—
See the pupil in each eye?
But there! I must end these verses
Musing on the days of yore,
And join the other Normalites
On the Convocation floor.

LILLIAN A. HOLLAND, '25.



ATHLETIC SOCIETIES

Standing—P. T. Bridgette, M. C. Harvey, J. L. Haldane, A. B. Carruthers, E. C. Boughner, T. N. Dawson, D. I. Morgan, F. M. Wigle,
Sitting—A. K. Sutherland, A. D. Kidd, V. Burtwistle, E. H. McKone (Honorary President), J. S. Gillespie, G. M. Overholt.



GIRLS' ATHLETICS



EARLY in October, Mr. McKone aroused the athletic spirit by getting the girls together to elect an Athletic Society. The first branch of sport this society undertook to organize was the basketball team.

The team chosen was as follows:

BETTY McNALLY—Betty hails from London Central Collegiate. She has played basketball for five years on W.O.S.S.A. teams. On the defence Betty proved a strong wall. The opposing forwards had difficulty in evading her guarding at the basket.

KAYE DOWNING—Kaye comes to us from Beachville. While in Collegiate Kaye played for Woodstock C. I. Kaye was a great success this year—playing defence and when necessary, she took her place on the forward line.

MARG. SMITH—Marg. comes from Aylmer, and has played B. B. for a number of years during her High School career but this year at Normal, Margaret was very successful. She made up the third player on the noble defence line, and certainly turned in a very brilliant performance.

ELLEN HUNT—Ellen hies from Central Collegiate, London, and was a teammate of Betty McNally during their successful terms in W.O.S.S.A. basketball. Ellen was the playmaker on the forward line and, in addition, was a very good shot.

MARGARET THORNTON—Marg. comes from Woodstock, where she played W.O.S.S.A. for four years and then leaving Collegiate joined the "Y" team. The team may all join hands and offer their appreciation to Marg. Marg. has a very good eye for the basket and came through again and again to help us put Normal on the top.

NORM. PATTEN—Originally Norm. comes from Windsor, Kennedy Collegiate, the famous B. B. Collegiate, but early last year Norm. moved to London. She took up her B. B. career again here at Normal. Norm. was, however, not quite tall enough to make the regular team but nevertheless was in every game for some period or other, and helped out on the forward line.

RUBY MACLEAN—Ruby hails from Leamington. At Normal Ruby played defence. It is not an easy job to guard a tall player, is it Ruby? Nevertheless Ruby showed her training in the T. Normal game here and also in the Jamboree. Miss MacLean played on the defence.

DOT MORGAN is well known throughout Ontario for her fine playing in the Windsor and Kennedy Collegiate W.O.S.S.A. teams for the past six

years. For four years she played on the championship W.O.S.S.A. team from Kennedy, and during her last year was captain of this team. Little more need be said about Dot's ability to play. She made a wonderful Captain for our team, inspiring it at all times, both by her unselfish playing and her enthusiasm.

Early in the City League the Normal team was not so successful, losing its first game to Tech. However, we retaliated by defeating Westervelt's School. This is the first time a City League team has defeated Westervelt's for three years. It was not a mere win but the score was very much in favour of our team. The first part of the season ended with Normal, Tech. and Westervelt's tied for first place.

The second half was rather disastrous for the Normal team. The team, due to several bad breaks, lost two games to London Life. The season ended with Normal third.

Our coach this year was the distinguished player on London Aces—Norm. Dawson. The team greatly appreciated the time he spent after school hours coaching them. All the success the team acquired was due entirely to the guidance of Norm. Dawson. We sincerely thank you, Norm!

When the time came to meet Hamilton on their own floor, word was sent that a second team was necessary. A second team? Why certainly—Normal had a very good one. The players were Capt. V. Ross, Dorothy Kyte, Daisy Lewis, Verna Buttwistle, Pauline Bridgette, Lena Farrell, Dorothy Francis. Through very bad luck they lost their games in Hamilton and against Toronto—by two points in each game.

The Senior team was successful in defeating Hamilton Normal, but was forced to bow to Toronto. However, we do not mind as the game was keenly contested.

This year a new idea was introduced—The Basketball Jamboree. This was held on April 7th and 8th, at Y. M. C. A. and Technical. The Normal team was entered and met the outside teams of Sarnia on Friday night; St. Marys, Saturday afternoon. Both teams were vanquished but in the final contest again our team lost out to Technical School. It was very hard to lose the pennant by only four points. Better luck to the teams of the coming year!

DOROTHY MORGAN.

NORMAL SCHOOL LONDON ONTARIO

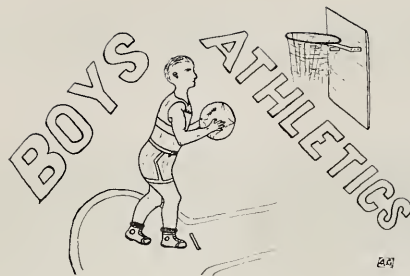


GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Back Row—N. B. Patten, M. H. Thornton, K. Downing, D. Morgan, N. Dawson (Coach), R. McLean, E. Hunt, B. McNally, M. L. Smith.

Middle Row—D. H. Lewis, P. T. Bridgette, D. Kyte, V. Ross, V. Burtwistle, M. S. Fenton, D. Francis.

Front Row—L. Farrell.



BEFORE the organization of the Athletic Association, there were many impromptu attempts at baseball and rugby on the grassy campus, with the subsequent aches and pains.

Basketball followed in the wake of the election of officers and frequent practices were held in the Normal School gymnasium. There was a large turnout in this field, and it was only with the co-operation of the men who wished to represent the school, that the team was finally selected.

Due to his wide experience and outstanding ability, Norman Dawson was chosen as captain and coach, and soon whipped into shape a very creditable team. "Norm," "Bugs" Boughner and "Parts" Partlow were regular forwards, with Art Kidd and Lee VanLuven as guards. The relief men, Morley McCracken, Jim Gillespie, John Fletcher, Jack Young and Ross Gregory saw much service and contributed greatly to the success of the team.

Upon the organization of the City League, the Normal School team was entered. The other entries were: London Life, Bell Telephone, Y. M. C. A., Western and Westervelt teams, and were all opponents of high calibre.

The first game of the season, on November 12, resulted in a hard-won victory for the Normal boys over the Bell Telephone quintet. At the final whistle, the score was 18-16. In the second game, on November 19, the Normal team was not as fortunate, losing to the Y. M. C. A. quintet to the tune of 39-31. Another reversal was suffered at the hands of the London Life five, on November 29, who stole the game in the second half by wiping out the first half lead of 14-8, to win by a count of 24-19. December 1 saw another victory for the Normal School, when the boys defeated the Western representatives 32-31, in overtime. On December 12, Westervelts defaulted

to Normal, but with the loan of McCracken, played an exhibition, and were defeated by a 15-6 score. This was the last game of the first half of the schedule, and when the smoke of battle had cleared away, it was discovered that London Life had won the first half of the schedule, with no defeats, Normal tying Bell Telephone with 3 victories and 2 defeats.

While the basketball team was enjoying this stiff opposition, the hockey team was organized, and, lest there be any opinion to the contrary, it was very capable. Funds were voted for the rental of the London arena for practices, and under the capable direction and co-operative management of "Ace" Dickenson, Kemp, Thompson and Blake O'Dell, a fine team came into being.

Though not as successful as the basketball team in its games against teams from the collegiates, the practice stood them in good stead, for at the Inter-Normal games at Hamilton, the London Normal Hockey aggregation was victorious over the Hamilton Normal in a skilfully-fought contest to the tune of 1-0. This game was as good as the score indicates, and resulted in a number of hoarse whisperings for a week following. In the game with Toronto, the boys lost 3-1, after a great game.

The basketball team was also victorious in a struggle equally as hard, getting a 36-34 verdict over the Hamilton men.

The second half of the City League saw the basketball team hit its stride. On January 7, the Normal team defeated London Life 40-20; on January 21, it lost to Bell Telephone 26-22; on January 28, Western was defeated 39-25; on February 1, Y. M. C. A. was defeated 45-26; and on February 6, the second half of the schedule closed with a victory over the Westervelt team by 28-19. This left the Normal School tied with London Life and Bell Telephone, with 4 victories and 1 defeat.



BOYS BASKETBALL

Standing—E. C. Boughner, J. Lee Van Luyen, N. T. Dawson (Captain), J. S. Gillespie, J. G. Fletcher, M. W. McCracken, A. D. Kidd,
 R. F. Gregory, J. E. Young, H. R. Partlow.
 Sitting—E. H. McKone (Honorary President.)



BOYS' ATHLETICS, Continued

The first playoff game was on March 4, between Bell Telephone and Normal, as London Life had drawn the bye. The Normal team came out victorious by a count of 25-16.

The next game, on March 9, resulted in a victory for the London Life boys over the Normal boys, the score being 49-36. This loss left the City League title with London Life, and closed the schedule. In the meet with Toronto, on March 25, the team came through with a win 19-12, ending the basketball season.

The school had a very good year, and although not winners of the City League, showed its superiority over the other Normals. It is to be hoped that future years will see equally or more successful teams.

At the present time, there is every indication that the softball team will be able to give a good account of itself. There are many players who have played on teams that have been well up in their respective leagues. These men are expected to form the nucleus of a team worthy of representing the London Normal School against any opposition.

*It's not the game in which you play,
Nor the victories you've won,
But a sportsman's cheerful attitude
That keeps you in the sun.*

ART. KIDD.

BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM

NORM. DAWSON—Left forward. Basketball has been his game for years. Plays any position perfectly. Norm. developed the team, and kept each player under control. He played for Patterson Collegiate in Windsor and was with Hyatt's Roefers when they won the Provincial championship.

Norm. is one of the smoothest and trickiest players imaginable, and is one of the main cogs of the "Y" Aces, going to Moncton to help them to retain their Canadian Intermediate championship.

HUGH PARTLOW—Right forward. A small bundle of dynamite. "Parts" is a fighter from the word "go," and his energetic play was a sight to watch. Graduated from Ayimer, where he played Wossa basketball.

EVERETT BOUGHNER—The centre. A good man to have around. "Bugs" is as good a student as he is a basketball player. He played with the "Y." some time ago. He is a graduate of London Technical School.

LEE VANLUVEN—Left guard. A defence man who is always a scoring threat. Does he like long shots? Well, I guess! Lee graduated from Walkerville C. I., where his only basketball was on an Inter-Form team.

ART KIDD—Right guard, whose only experience at the game previous to this year was on an Inter-Form team at Walkerville C. I.—but a good "Kidd" to work or play with. (J.L.V.L.)

ROSS GREGORY—Sub-forward. Greg is a graduate of Strathroy Collegiate, where he played much Wossa basketball. A tricky shot and good ball-handler, who filled the spot well when called on.

MORLEY McCracken—A red-top from Strathroy who filled any position to perfection. He played Wossa basketball for Strathroy.

JACK YOUNG—A sub-forward who graduated from London Central. While not a high scorer, his combination play was excellent and a great factor in our games.

JOHN FLETCHER—Sub-forward, who could always be relied on. John went to school at Kennedy Collegiate, Windsor, where he played on Inter-Form teams.

JIM GILLESPIE—Sub-forward. Jim hails from Woodstock, where he played a little basketball, just to keep that schoolgirl complexion. He scored frequently and checked well in all those games in which he participated.



HOCKEY TEAM

Standing—R. B. Jackson, F. R. Dickenson, G. D. McGregor, J. E. Hansford, L. E. Patterson.

Sitting—O. M. Mills, M. F. Boyce, J. Allan, K. B. O'Dell (Captain), G. K. Thompson, C. G. Laing.



BOYS' ATHLETICS, Continued

MEN'S HOCKEY TEAM

BLAKE O'DELL—Graduate of Petrolia High School; played Junior and Senior W.O.S.S.A. and O. H. A.

ROBERT JACKSON—Graduate of Petrolia High School.

JACK HANSFORD—Graduate of Melbourne Continuation School; played with Melbourne Hockey team.

CHAS. LAING—Graduate of Aylmer High School. Chuck says this is his first attempt.

LAWRENCE PATERSON—Graduate of Strathroy C. I., Ontario.

ORVILLE MILLS—Graduate of Sarnia Collegiate.

JOHN ALLAN—Graduate of Glencoe High School.

GORDON MCGREGOR—Graduate of Wallaceburg High School.

FRED R. DICKENSON—Graduate of Wallaceburg H. S.; scouted by the Wallaceburg River Rats.

MERLYN BOYCE—Graduate of Mt. Elgin Continuation School; played Junior W.O.S.S.A.

KEMP THOMPSON—Graduate of Petrolia H. S.; played Jr. and Sr. Wossa hockey.

FAMOUS LAST WORDS ABOUT L. N. S.

Leslie Pickles—"I have taken quite a large part in other meetings of this kind."

Art Kidd—"Well I gas(s)."

Miss Emery—"Class"! ! !

Max Magill—"Now take London's street cars." (You take them, Max, we're tired).

Dr. Mark—"Now go home and have a happy Easter holiday." ? ? ?

Andy—"Lorraine!"

Lorraine—"Andy!"

Mr. Marshall—"Get the shape, girls, the rest is easy."

Marg. Tedball—"You wouldn't kid a little blind girl."

Norm. Dawson—"As they say down in New Brunswick."

Jack Dickinson—"— and was my face ever red."

Dickie—"Oh, I wish I had the wings of an angel."

Max McIntyre—"I feel like going for a Tripp." (Kathleen).

Dorothy Goddard—"What jew say?"

Elsie McRoberts—"My face is my fortune, sir," she said."

Donald Gay—"Pardon me, sir, what was that you've been saying?"

Dorothy Morgan—"This Kidd gets my 'nanny' every time."

George Philpot—"I know business is tough, but buy one of our full-page ads, and we'll throw in the Normal School. Buy a three-quarter page ad, and we'll give you Dr. Mark's pen and pencil. Buy a half-page and we'll throw in Mr. McKone's field glass and paper punch! Buy a quarter page then, and we'll give you a half a dozen of Mr. Pickles' sharpest planes."



ORCHESTRA

Back Row—F. R. Dickinson, J. G. Fletcher, W. Hartry, M. F. Boyce, C. G. Laing.

Front Row—J. S. Gillespie, C. A. Mote, H. H. Lodge, J. Lee Van Luven.



THE NORMAL SCHOOL DANCE ORCHESTRA

THIS year was a very successful one socially at London Normal School. Owing to the kind co-operation of Dr. Mark and other members of the staff, the students were allowed to dance in the gymnasium, every second week, after the Literary Society Meeting. At first, the dancing was done to the accompaniment of the piano, played by various students.

Finally, several of the men students got together, and out of this meeting, the London Normal School Orchestra sprang into existence.

The members are as follows:

HARLAND LODGE—Violin.
JOHN FLETCHER—Violin and Saxophone.
CYRIL MOTE—Banjo.
MERLYN BOYCE—Saxophone.
CHAS. LAING—Saxophone.
*BILL HARTRY—Saxophone and Clarinet.
FRED DICKENSON—Trumpet.
JAMES GILLESPIE }
JACK DICKINSON } Traps.
LEE VAN LUVEN—Piano.

*While Bill Hartry was not a student at Normal School, we, of the orchestra, wish to thank him very much for the time and co-operation he gave us.

For our music, we were indebted to the Literary Society, as they voted us enough money to purchase our orchestrations.

The orchestra performed very creditably at various Friday afternoon dances and also at several evening affairs that were held in the School.

Here, on behalf of the School, I wish to thank Miss Colgrove, one of last year's students, for her kindness in playing at some of the dances. Then, too, I take this opportunity of thanking Miss Sneddon for her relief work at the piano.

J. LEE VAN LUVEN.

THE GLEE CLUB

UNTIL December, there was one vital element of the school organization missing—and that was a Glee Club. Mr. Charles Wheeler, however, undertook this phase and soon one was under way.

At the organizing meeting, Harland Lodge was elected President and Helen Sneddon, Secretary. At the gatherings on Monday afternoon, many songs were sung—some old and some new—the Christmas Carols, "I Passed by Your Window," "Do You Ken John Peel," "My Wild Irish Rose," "National Chorale," "Welcome, Sweet Springtime," "Tinker's Song."

A beautiful Japanese operetta, "O Hara San," was begun just before Easter by Mr. Wheeler, and students of the school. It was found to be too big an undertaking for such a short period of time. However, many of the lovely choruses from it were learned and enjoyed by those fortunate enough to attend Glee Club meetings.

The school was very proud of the musical numbers presented by the Ladies' Sextette and Septette, both at the visit of Toronto Normal and at the concert in May. The selections were "Oh Lovely Night" from Barcarolle and "Miserere Scene" from Il Trovatore. The participants were Jean Forman, Catherine Forman, Thelma Holmes, Esther Plastow, Doris Shuttleworth, Jean Copeland and Marion Finney. The boys' quartette, Harland Lodge, Harold Stephenson, James Gillespie and Harry Fuller sang at the Christmas concert—"Winter Song" and "Lullaby"; and at the May concert "Bells of Shandon."

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast." Indeed, we found it so—as, harassed by examinations and assignments, we fled into the Assembly Hall and enjoyed the sweet strains of song.

LENA FARRELL.

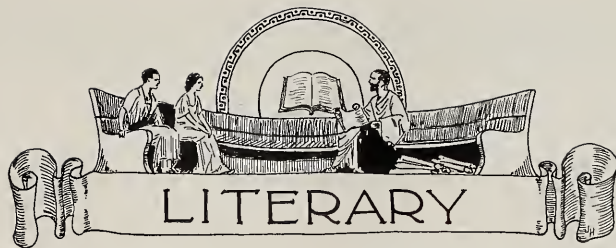
NORMAL SCHOOL LONDON ONTARIO



DEBATORS AND ORATORS

Standing—I. B. English, O. D. Shuttleworth.

Sitting—F. K. Jacobs, M. L. Magill, D. Gay, F. I. Mabec, J. A. Dickinson, L. P. Pickles.



YOUTH VIEWS THE MODERN WORLD

THE youth of yesterday felt perhaps that nothing was certain except the uncertainty of its own future, but unlike the youth of today was never compelled to think that perhaps it had no future. It knew the boredom of having too much work to do, but it never knew the far worse boredom of having no work to do. It was gay because it knew it would soon have to be responsible; youth today is serious because it is afraid that it will be deprived of the opportunity of becoming responsible.

Youth feels that it could do everything, and then finds that it can do nothing. It feels that it could organize the entire world, but finds that the world is already too well organized; and if it suggests that perhaps things could be reorganized without too much trouble, it is immediately told that it is being false to the trust placed in it. It is told, furthermore, that never in the history of the world has youth been so fortunate as today in the opportunities and education offered to it.

Youth, of course, maintains that this is not so. It claims that not only is it being given an unsuitable education, but that it is actually being "de-educated"—for, after all, true education is not merely learning a record of other people's discoveries, but rather learning how to make one's own discoveries.

Youth claims that it is being "de-educated" because it is being denied lessons in self-reliance in favor of dependence; denied lessons in industry and discipline in favor of a period of waiting, and denied the right of shifting for itself, in favor of having others shift for it. Not only is it being denied lessons in things which really count if it wishes to make a living, but its time is being spent studying subjects which it does not expect to remember three days after graduation.

Youth recognizes that studying these subjects has a great cultural value, but it is forced in this age of materialism to be more directly interested in its utilitarian value. It unfortunately blames those in authority for stressing unduly the cultural value, and scorns aesthetic attainments in the desire for a more practical education.

If one can study these subjects successfully, one has ability, but the lamentable fact as youth sees it is that this ability is a drug on the market.

Pragmatism has crowded it out and youth is not given the opportunity of becoming pragmatic.

It is unfortunate that youth should adopt this attitude; but as the boys and girls go back to the books which they once hoped meant success, they sometimes think that ability will never count for very much again. It is not a case of the youth of today wilfully adopting an attitude antagonistic to that of age. Doubtless as it goes through life, its attitude will change in many respects. Doubtless it will lose much of its present iconoclasm, and regard the situation from a saner and more laudable viewpoint. In the meantime, let us all work for a more mutual understanding, and let us strive to minimize any discord which may arise through the present lack of this mutual understanding.

ARTHUR HENDERSON.

"We are such stuff as dreams are made on."

—Shakespeare.

SHAKESPEARE has given us many a truth concealed in the ornate language of his time. The substance of the line quoted above is as true now as in the days when the words flowed from the poet's pen.

"We are such stuff as dreams are made on"—our parents' joys and hopes and fears centre in us. From the moment of our birth we become the unit upon which the imaginings of these, our closest, dearest friends centre. We begin school—Mother says, "John is going to be a great student; look at the way he holds that book." Dad says, "He is going to be a great doctor, Mother; look at those long, strong, slender fingers of his." Both are unconsciously voicing their dreams for the future of the little curly-headed child reading his Primer by the fireside.

We grow older, we develop our own dreams, rose-colored visions of future success in the world. These hidden secrets of ours make us confident and fearless. We go forth calling life a high adventure and bringing to it the best we have because our dream castles still call on down the trail of the years. Success does come but often after many trials and failures. What gives us the courage to try, try again when the sky



LITERARY, Continued

looks blackest? The faith of our friends and their hope in us or our own disappointment at falling short of our desired ideal? It seems to me that the loss of one of these dream children or phantom creations of ours leaves a void as deep as that left by the loss of a friend's faith.

We do not realize how dependent we are on dreams. We greet each day with a renewed hope and zeal toward the fulfilment of our dream, the sunset finds us happy because we are a few steps nearer the golden gates of realization or sad because we have apparently made no progress. It is a poor man indeed who has no dream, no ideal. Envy not the rich man but the man with a dream and the courage to follow after that dream.

Yes, "we are such stuff as dreams are made on." Make us worthy the dreams our parents and friends build around us and grant us the faith and courage to strive after the living image of success in the visions we conjure up ourselves. Thus may all people under the sun be happy and industrious. A few more dream castles and the courage to build them well, and watch the dark clouds of depression vanish and the health-giving sunlight of spiritual prosperity flood the world!

MARGARET BAILEY,
No. 6, Form I.

FOR THE FUTURE IN THE DISTANCE

*"Nation with nation, land with land,
Unarmed shall live as comrades free;
In every heart and brain shall thrrob
The pulse of one fraternity."*

THUS the poet sang of the future. This ideal state will not just happen — we must work to secure it. First, let us consider the problem of war.

Wars of offence need not be mentioned, as such cannot be justified and have never occurred in the last century. We need to deal only with wars of defence, into which each contestant always claims to be forced. Arms conferences and the League of Nations have come under caustic criticism and have been labelled militarists' caucuses. This attitude of the people cramps any reform which these bodies endeavor to carry out. If all concerned would consider it open arms conferences, the results would be much more appreciable.

The faithful say, "If our country were about to be over-run by the cruel barbarians, I would fight to the last ditch." Even in this "insane

age" such is unlikely to happen, for we cannot find the barbarians. We owe much to our own country but we also owe much to the world. Students, above all others, realize that we are a product of all the ages — and all the nations. We then should be fighting our equals, possibly our superiors, to the detriment of humanity. Who knows but what we kill a Luther, a Froebel, a Rousseau, a Lincoln, or an Edison! Too much has already been lost this way. The men who could solve our problems today sleep in Flanders' fields.

The question of war has been a controversial one down through the ages. Southey once told us that the most splendid death is that of a hero in the hour of victory. But Southey also wondered this:

*"And everybody praised the Duke,
Who this great fight did win,"
"But what good came of it at last?"
Quoth little Peterkin.
"Why, that I cannot tell," said he,
"But 'twas a famous victory."*

The death of a martyred patriot is the most awful, so the death of a patriot of humanity is many times more awful. The man who is shot at sunrise because he will not sell his soul to the whims of the military gods, nor murder him who may be the saviour of our race, is the noblest patriot.

Before the time Sherman made his statement, "War is hell," war was an outdoor sport engaged in by a limited number of youths of all nations. It was not much more dangerous than rugby and contained that necessary element of heroism. Now, soldiers have little more opportunity for heroism than have the cattle in Chicago stockyards.

In war time, propaganda sets youth afire, and drums deafen reason. If propaganda were issued in due proportions to maintain peace, war would be impossible. Youth is learning, even now, that war is not as enjoyable or interesting as some try to vision it. One day as I trudged to school, an old soldier said to me, "Hold up your head, boy, or you'll never be a soldier." To please him, I did — but not to be a soldier.

*"I see them in foul dugouts, gnawed by rats,
And in the ruined trenches, lashed with rain."*

Do you say I am not practical? Some say that Christianity is impractical. Practical men made and ran the World War. Practical men have had their way for many generations. What did the war cost to all nations? It is equivalent to \$20,000 for every hour since the Prince of Peace was



LITERARY, Continued

born. The cost for one day is equivalent to the combined earnings of 2,150 workers at \$2,500 a year for forty years. If one Lusitania sank every day for seventy years, that would carry down the total dead and missing of the war.

Let us try a Christian way. It could not be more expensive.

There is no doubt but that another World War will result in the destruction of this civilization. Our prayer needs to be "May peace reign." Our task is to assist youth in seeing the horror of past and the danger in future war. Consider this—with opportunity comes responsibility.

"I live
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do."

—G. L. Banks.

CLARENCE W. SADLER.

ABSTRACT REASONING

NOT far from the great metropolis of London, Canada, in the days when higher education was compulsory, lived an energetic youth, whom we might call Patrick Spence. Although this boy was very respectful toward his parents and his dear teacher, on one point they disagreed with fervor and he refused to co-operate with them. He would not study Latin! These superiors, realizing as we all do, the dire consequences of such an attitude and course, did advise, urge, beg, exhort and warn Patrick, but it availed them nought.

However, on the day that someone, whose name history does not

chronicle, did reason with Patrick his attitude and outlook on life changed. This person told Patrick that the study of Latin would increase his reasoning powers, and so increase his efficiency and ability to breast difficulties. As this accomplishment was so desirable, the boy worked hard to master the lucid but elusive language. How these reasoning powers saved his life I will now unfold accurately with little regard for rhetoric.

One afternoon, when the sun was swinging toward the spring equinox, Patrick had been skating on the river. The fresh air and the warm sun so exhilarated him that he dreamily reflected on the beauty of nature, art and other things which interest boys and did not notice the change in the state of matter of the ice. Suddenly a report as of a hundred pistol shots set his ear drums in violent agitation and awoke him from his reverie. As echo followed echo, like the sardonic laugh of ghosts, his heart sank within him.

The water, that winter, had exceeded the mean depth of many seasons past and started rushing down with great velocity. Too, he was only one furlong above a dam and fifteen rods from either shore. We readily appreciate his precarious position on the small cake of the aforesaid ice rushing forward with increasing momentum. As the block was drawn by an irresistible force, so did Patrick appear in a trance staring blindly at the diminishing space between him and death.

As his corporal self added considerably to the specific gravity of the mass, it immersed and the sudden flow of cold water over his calcaneums roused him. "Great Caesar," he muttered to himself.

The sound of his own voice and of that name strengthened and inspired him.

"Why curse this inertia! I hold my fate in my own hands. My reasoning powers are so developed by Latin that I need merely to translate myself from here to the shore," he exclaimed.

And he did.

C. W. SADLER,

Form IV.



CONTRIBUTORS TO THE YEAR BOOK

Back Row—K. B. O'Dell, A. M. Henderson, C. W. Sadler, J. Lee Van Luven, A. D. Kidd, R. O. Rilett.

Thrd Row—F. M. Doan, M. Bailey, E. M. Riggs, H. C. Sneddon, L. Farrell, C. N. Chauvin, M. E. Finney, G. E. Carr.

Second Row—D. Morgan A. Rogers, M. Sanderson, M. C. Harvey, T. B. Holmes, O. D. Shuttleworth, H. Janes.

Front Row—M. G. Lindenfield, M. D. Vanderheiden, M. H. Thornton, F. R. Dickenson, E. M. Plastow, J. L. Haldane, M. A. Bodkin.



Renaissance.



"Pity the sorrows of the poor old dog
Who wags his tail a-begging in his need."
O. Rilett



The "mysterious
blue book"



Will No please look to it—
parking space.



If you can
reach this
stand!



The nicest room in the school.



LONDON NORMAL SCHOOL LIBRARY

FOR some days a lonely stranger has wandered, desolate, amid a sea of unfamiliar faces, receiving directions from kindly masters, whose presences are none the less terrifying—because of the unfamiliar environment and lack of knowledge of where next to turn.

As a magnet draws steel, I am attracted to a spacious room at the east end of the building. Ah! a haven at last. A quiet soft brown room—the London Normal School Library.—Sunshine filtering through the wide windows to be drunk in by a weary and lonely soul—

To another, perhaps, the room is barren of living things—but it is not really so. The silent room is soon filled with brilliant conversation, overflowing with old friends—books, beloved through long association, and a limitless treasure yet to be explored. Here is an oasis in a desert of loneliness, as well as a splendid challenge. A pleasurable surge of delight pulses throughout the room and submerges a hungry and humble listener. O, the inexpressible comfort of book friends tried and true! Even those whose acquaintance have not yet been made, stretch forth eager hands in a welcome such as I have never found in my fellows.

In what niche dwell those old friends, Charles Dickens and his children? Ah! there in "The Old Curiosity Shop" near "Bleak House." Nicholas Nickleby, Barnaby Rudge, and Oliver Twist are weaving tales of "Great Expectations." Dickens' vast knowledge of the human characters born of his fertile brain will solve the mysteries of those surging about in the halls without. His characters live; we meet with them in our daily associations. His situations are actual; we recognize them. His explanations explain; we accept them.

Confidence returns. The lonely stranger is no longer timid, for, through Dickens' "every-day" people, I shall know and understand the future's friends and companions. Dickens gives that insight to understand because he has the ability to reproduce.

As I look around the friendly circle, there is Sir Walter Scott in "Kenilworth" with his "Waverley Novels." How delightful to find his splendid descriptions—quite as inspiring here as before the grate at home! William Makepeace Thackeray finds a neighboring nook in the Library. His "Vanity Fair" with its spicy humor and shrewd reproduction of the character of his very human heroine, are reassuring in the task of interpreting a new life.

The big sunny windows to the right, Teckon. There, without, are stately spruce, sturdy maples, and a slender, graceful birch—the white princess of the trees. Joyce Kilmer's "Trees" drifts lazily through my mind—and then I feel that I am looking through winsome Mr. Barrie's eyes "Through a Window in Thrums" at mischievous, lovable, "Sentimental Tommy" playing on the misty flats.

This hitherto terrifyingly strange place, where the mysteries of becoming a teacher are expounded, is the home of friends. Unhappiness, timidity, loneliness, fade into the dim, shadowy, depths of the past.

Another day,—a typical April mood—it is dull—"raining!" To a few romantic souls, it may be raining daffodils and violets. But

*"I wish it would rain all day,
I feel my soul was made for gray."*

I wander about, venting my spleen on an innocent chair because—who can say why?—the Physical Training examination was nerve-racking. Everything blurs. The future is hidden by a hazy wall, barring vision and scope into the distance. Deep impenetrable mists have dropped, cloaking all in unfamiliar grotesque shapes.

Then comes the comforting memory—"The Library." I trudge through the sullen puddles—great drops of cold rain drench my hair and sometimes dribble off the end of my nose. At last the warm friendly atmosphere of the Library is reached. Eagerly I thumb through the files. "Where is Ludwig's Napoleon?" . . . Frantically—almost—I hurry through the white squares. A kindly hand grasps my arm—a pleasant voice inquires—"What are you looking for?"

"Don't you have Ludwig's Napoleon?" is the despairing response.

A smile, a characteristically impulsive gesture and a laughing voice—the voice of our charming, witty librarian—replies, "Nothing so new! But we have the most humorous criticism of it. You'd enjoy it!" And I find myself on the other side of the room chattering animatedly.

I amble around the book-lined walls. Timidly, though not so timidly as in those first few days (for have I not since made the acquaintance of one famous Shultz?) I finger through books on child psychology, volumes of histories, Elliott's "Silas Marner," who is not yet known to me, though I have heard much concerning him.

Only one disappointment have I found in this Alice-in-Wonderland room of enchantment that has the power to blot out the influence of time and place,—Pierre Dumont and his "Three Musketeers" are not found here. Today, how the whole world years for their magic carpet to carry it away to sunny Old France to be thrilled with intricate plots and daring deeds!

As I look out of the window once again (even as months ago) there stretches forth a rain-drenched campus and trees about to burst into bud. I wonder with Robert Louis Stevenson's little boy, "Where Go the Boats?" But today the boats are very crumpled brown leaves, swimming in dreary puddles. An answer flashes back—"of course!—the boats are to be found in "A Child's Garden of Verses."

As I am meditating these thoughts, Booth Tarkington at my side, delighting me with exploits of "Penrod and Sam," an irate motherly voice is heard impatiently calling—"Willie!" But it is Mrs. Barnhardt, not Mrs. Baxter, and it is not William Sylvester Baxter, "Just Seventeen" who is being sent home, it is—

ETHEL RIGGS.



INTER-NORMAL ACTIVITIES

JOTTINGS FROM A JOLLY JOURNEY

9.00—C. N. R. Station. A mad dash to the train—an empty seat—whew! What, aren't we leaving? Brr—it's cold!

9.00-9.15—Warmed up with cheering. Hurrah! here's Mr. and Mrs. McKone, Miss Gahan, Miss Heffernan, Mr. McEachern and Dr. Hoffer! Oh!—a change of coaches!

9.15-12.15—A pleasant journey. Happy hours of chatter, bridge, date cookies, "Pig" with Dr. Hoffer and "fortunes" by our versatile Mr. McKone, (the nicest man he knows).

12.15—Hamilton Station. A flurry of excitement. An enthusiastic yelp of welcome from Hamiltonians who, perhaps, entertain hopes of scalping us in the contests.

12.30-12.45—Whirled away in taxis to the Barton St. Arena.

12.45-1.45—Thrilling hockey game! Bursts of brilliant play—Snatches of song from the cheerful Rah-Rah men. Two minutes to play—score 0-0. Kemp Thompson scores—the hero of the hour!

1.45-2.30—Hungry hordes assail passing street cars to swoop down on the English Grill—Umm! Smart decorations—and delicious food.

2.30-2.45—Let's pop on this street car. Wonder of the conductor will take these old transfers? He did. Many devious detours—Zion Church gymnasium.

2.45-6.45—Jr. Girls' Basketball game. Yea, London!—Aw! lost by a nose. Here's the Sr. Girls' game. Hurrah! We win a hard-fought battle! On with the boys' contest! Romping away to a lead—slowly slipping—climax! We're on top. Mr. McKone beams!

7.00-8.00—Banquet hall—a scene or revelry. Visitors and guests gayly intermingle, exchanging ideas. Which tells the taller story? Charming toasts. Jokes on Mr. McEachern and Dr. Hoffer, who retain their poise. The former as usual is impervious to feminine wiles, the latter is accused of "swiping" a fork but contends he is merely "wiping" the cream from it so he won't get any on his pocket!

8.30-12.00—A short tramp, guided by gleams of Hamilton Normal School. We are in the Assembly hall. Interesting addresses from masters. Messieurs Bolt and Pickles battle for oratorical laurels on "The Maintenance of World Peace." The latter emerges victorious.

Miss Irene Mabey and Professor Max L. Magill don their armor for the debate and carry off the prize.

Miss Cruickshank and Miss Jacobs expound the causes of the Depression. Hamilton must know more about it—Miss Cruickshank wins.

Those were charming musical numbers and the colorful Russian Dance—delightful! Ho, hum! Sleepy time!

12.00—Refreshments. We saw you stuff six cookies in your pocket!

12.30-1.00—Hectic period of taxi-hunting. Strange how elusive these creatures be. They "creep like snails to school."

1.20—The Station—that taxi must have a bottomless pit—seven-eigh-nine!—Normalites tumble forth!

4.30—Normalites overflow from every nook of the train at London. Exuberant spirits trickle off to totter into little white beds.

ETHEL RIGGS.



INTER-NORMAL ACTIVITIES, Continued

TORONTO MEETS LONDON

YEA TORONTO! Welcome! Welcome! Welcome! How glad we were to meet our Toronto visitors that long anticipated Friday—March 24th!

That was a joyous day—prelude to an even more joyous Saturday. The unloading of the tremendous bus, the gay laughter and happy chatter around the school during supper hour, the introduction of guests and hosts carried out by our Miss Snedden and the anticipation of the evening events—all constituted a delightful afternoon.

Remember the absorbing evening programme? The chatty informal wit of the opening addresses from Miss Jacobs, Dr. Mark and Mr. Ingall proved vastly entertaining. We enjoyed the quips and repartee lightly tossed from Torontonian to Londoner—and the hearty cheers led by Messieurs Box and Whitney.

"The Twentieth Century Woman" appeared in all her glory in the orations of Miss Shuttleworth and Miss Cole, each of whom showed that, despite change, women have remained intrinsically the same—"the anchor of humanity." Our eloquent London representative, with her poise and personality, carried the day.

The men's public speaking contest was a fine conflict of English and Canadian oratory—with the Englishman, Mr. Blockely, of Toronto, vanquishing our Jack Dickenson, who spoke appealingly on "My Hobby."

Proud we are of our debaters, Don Gay and Isabel English, who proved to their opponents, Mr. Jones and Miss Rodnell, and to us, that the "Centralizing of Ontario's Educational System has not been and is not justifiable." The dainty madrigals sung by the Toronto quartette and the blithe measures of the school orchestra brought levity and brightness to the programme, and in conclusion the old rafters of the gymnasium rang with the merry din of dancers.

"The guests are met, the feast is set." The Saturday banquet at Knox Church was a festive occasion with Miss Mabey acting as toast-mistress. Many sparkling toasts and responses were given by the speakers: Mr. McKone, Misses Reid and Kerr, Miss Thornton, Mr. Curtis and Messieurs Pickles and Boughner.

Through the midwinter snow flurry to the games we trudged. What a hockey game! Suppose Toronto did win? We enjoyed it just the same.

In basketball the girls lost both games, but the men chivalrously came through with a victory, and so the happy two days came to a close with a pleasant division of honors.

And once more to ye olde gym did we repair for a farewell dance, varied with a gracefully executed folk dance, "Clap, Clap, Curtsy"—(Toronto Manhood)—and concluded by a friendly circle of hand clasps for "Auld Lang Syne."

EVERETT BOUGHNER.



FIRST TERM LITERARY SOCIETY EXECUTIVE

Back Row—T. B. Holmes, F. K. Jacobs, J. Lee Van Luven, Mac. A. Derbyshire, M. A. Utter.

Front Row—R. M. Arnold, G. E. Philpot (Treasurer), R. O. Rilett (President), L. P. Pickles (Vice-President), M. H. Thornton (Secretary).



FIRST TERM LITERARY SOCIETY

WHY is it that, all through this happy year, when we have wakened up on Friday morning, an indefinable feeling of pleasure has surged through us? Let's see now, what IS today?—Oh, yes! We "observe" this afternoon. Well, that's rather a pleasant change in the week's programme, but isn't there something splendid and important today? Of course! As our befuddled senses gradually see daylight we remember. It is Literary Society Day, high-light of the week!

If you peer through the mists of the past that so quickly creep over yesterday's events, you may see hazily that first meeting in September when we gathered, a crowd of foreigners to each other, to listen to Miss Gahan and Mr. Clarke deliver kindly advice on how to organize a Literary Society. Following that day came the excitement of the election of the First Term officers of the Lit.—a period slightly reminiscent of our High School days and of Parliamentary elections.

The student vote gave us Omar Rilett for President, Leslie Pickles for Vice-President, Margaret Thornton for Secretary, George Philpot for Treasurer, and Ruth Arnold for Social Convener.

The first meeting brought to light much musical and oratorical talent in the persons of Mr. Hayden Weston, wizard of the keys, the golden-voiced Foreman Sisters, Miss Doris Shuttleworth, our silver-tongued orator, Mr. Fletcher, able violinist and Mr. Carroll, popular pianist.

Shall we ever forget the "Tower of Babel Meeting," when we spent an hour deliberating over the date of the Hallowe'en masquerade? It was our friend Max who saved the day with his sound logic, was it not, reducing all the motions, amendments, and amendments to amendments, to a heap of ashes. It was at this same meeting that the members of the executive acted out a very farcical pantomime by the formidable name of "Cat Pie," the story of three men who gorged themselves on pie and suffered woefully on discovering it to be a pussy-pie.

Hear ye! Hear ye! Once more did the executive most cleverly entertain the school, this time with a mock trial in which the cases of Mr. Harland Lodge, whistling criminal, and Professor Max L. Magill, philanderer, were heard on the docket. We all remember your clever defence, Max, under the brilliant bombardment of Leslie Pickles—and our Don Gay as Betsy Anne Higgins!

Our Armistice Day programme was fittingly impressive. Marion Finney's solo—"Lest We Forget," Pearl Boos' talk on Remembrance Day,

and Mr. Clarke's closing words of commemoration formed a meeting of high order.

Another programme of interest took the form of two preliminary debates for the selection of a representative for the Hamilton Contest—the first on the subject: "Resolved that the League of Nations should be abolished," the outcome of which was victory for the negative side and the election of Miss Mabey as debater. The second debate: "Resolved that the majority of people misuse their spare time" was a colorful argument won by the negative and rendered immortal by Mr. Magill's fiery attack on lund "Liberty." The latter was chosen to speak in Hamilton.

"The Man in the Bowler Hat" next made his appearance at a "Lit." gathering—escorted by students of Form IV—a comical playlet presented in true theatrical fashion. Do you remember Miss Partlow?

List again to the echoes of the "Old Maids of the Gay Nineties," and to the sage sayings of King (Lena) "Solemnion"—revealing Form V talent. Form VI played at school in the next programme, with Mr. Philpot as school teacher.

Oh those last few meetings before Christmas—with the Hamilton trip looming on the horizon—the interesting finals of the oratorical contest won by Frances Jacobs and Leslie Pickles, the song and yell practices with Earl Reeb's dominant voice and helping hand—and over all an atmosphere of festivity!

After Christmas came two meetings of interest, one in which Form III, under Miss Mabey's directorship, presented some of Shakespeare's most notably comical scenes: The Grave-Digger Scene, the Wooing of Catharine of France, the Sleep-Walking Scene and the Drunken Porter Scene. "C'est tout," as Elsie herself might have said in her voluble way.

The final meeting of the First Society was a momentous one in which the new "Constitution" was presented in formal legal way, with a general discussion of its terms ensuing.

A spelling match between Forms IV and I took place with the men carrying the day.

The Social events, namely the Hallowe'en masquerade and the Christmas party, were highly successful evenings arranged by the Executive.

This brief resume will help you understand why we say with heart and voice: "Three cheers for the First Term Lit."

MARGARET THORNTON.



SECOND TERM LITERARY SOCIETY

Back Row—G. M. Overholt, H. R. Stephenson, R. O. Rilett, J. S. Gillespie, D. A. Wilson.

Front Row—C. Forman, T. B. Holmes (Secretary), L. M. Farrell, F. K. Jacobs (President), E. M. Riggs (Vice President), Jean Isles.



SECOND TERM LITERARY SOCIETY

BEFORE the inauguration of the new executive, was presented a miscellaneous programme in which several forms took part. The old President and Secretary were absent, having gone to Stratford to represent the students at the Silver Anniversary of the Stratford Normal School, an event of interest in that our Mr. Pickles was honored by a presentation for 25 years of service. Mr. Philpot and Miss Farrell efficiently took over the meeting. Form III put on a weird pantomime of dancing creatures, presumably Normalites gone mad over Algebra assignments. Marion Finney, of Form I, recited "The Bishop and the Caterpillar." Rowena LaJeunesse gave a piano selection and Mr. McGill read a section from his essay on "Medieval Education."

Good-bye to the old, welcome the new!

The new set of officers, so well chosen by the students, were: Frances Jacobs as President, Ethel Riggs as Vice-President and Thelma Holmes as Secretary. No Treasurer was elected, since this office was taken over by the Students' Parliament.

Dalton! Shall we ever forget that illustrious name? Talk of this famous plan in the class rooms had sufficiently whetted our interest to make the first Literary meeting a success. Herein Mr. Lewis Brown, Mr. Don Gay, Mr. Cyril Mote, Miss Freda Showler, and Mr. Ross Gregory expounded the Dalton plan and its place in educational growth.

At the following meeting, we had the privilege of being transported to celestial regions with Dr. Kingston, noted astronomical lecturer of Western University. The novelty of this subject, the realistic illustrations, the wit and wisdom of Dr. Kingston combined to give the students a most enjoyable hour.

In preparation for the Toronto Normal visit, a debate on "Resolved, that the Centralization of Ontario's Education has been and is justifiable" comprised another interesting programme. Of the eight girls who spoke, Miss English was chosen to debate against Toronto.

Another outstanding lecturer was Mr. Humphries, who delivered in jocund manner an illustrated lecture on British Columbia.

Starting Form programmes again: Form I led the procession entertainingly with a programme of form talent. A clever newspaper was read by Miss Claire Chauvin, presenting some sense and some nonsense. "Wasn't that a foolish, foolish question," asked Miss Finney in her recitation. A vocal rendering of "Sylvia" by Miss Culbert and a reading of "The Highwayman" by Miss Adrian, brought the programme to a close.

Here comes "nice bright" Form II with a "nice bright" programme. Do you recall the clever radio characterizations by Miss Goddard?

How would you like to be assumed dead and have your relatives squabble over your possessions, and then suddenly appear among them quite live and whole? Consternation on their faces! Stanley Houton himself would have enjoyed seeing Form II perform his "Dear Departed." Congratulations to Lila McBain and Rose Goble and others!

How fitting that these chronicles should be climaxed with an account of the memorable evening programme of the Literary Society—the occasion on which a group of students presented that well-known comedy, Milne's "Wurzel Flummery." A musical programme of very high calibre preceded the play. Miss Plastow entertained with a solo, "Sweetbriar," and sang again with Mr. Lodge two quaint numbers of dialogue order. "The School Septette," trained by Mr. Wheeler, rendered that beautiful "Barcarolle" from Hoffman, followed by a selection from "Il Trovatore."

"Wurzel Flummery"—that name is a delightful morsel—one to roll juicily off the tongue and draw forth peals of laughter. Imagine it being bequeathed along with fifty-thousand pounds to pompous, pedantic Robert Crawshaw, M.P., so filled with love of himself and his noble calling that he is blind to the humorous happenings that color our existence. Hugh Partlow in this role was splendid. We loved your side-burns, Hugh! How eager was his charming, socially ambitious wife that Robert should take the legacy, name and all! Irene Mabey played this role with the intelligence and dignity of the skilled actress. The daughter, so young, so naive, so pretty, and so much in love with Richard Meriton, her father's rival, was well portrayed by our fair Ruth Macdonald. And Richard was none other than Mr. Jack Dickinson, who gave a perfect characterization of an aspiring young politician and a man very much in love. After ridiculing Robert for contemplating accepting the legacy, it is a strange freak of fate that a similar legacy is offered to Richard.

The advent of the actor—er—we mean lawyer in the person of Mr. Dennis Clifton with the papers for the "Great Missenden Canal"—er, we mean—the Clifton legacy, clears up the mystery of the will, and we discover that the erratic old Anthony Clifton was merely trying to find a man who would be brave enough to sneeze at 50,000 pounds. Bob Strauss in the guise of the strange "fluttery" lawyer was superb, his gestures and speeches bringing forth howls of appreciation from the audience. This clever comedy drifted to a happy close with the establishment of two families of "Wurzel-Flummeries." For her fine selection of characters and her able directorship of the play, we heartily congratulate Miss Gahan, "She knew, she knew!"

THELMA HOLMES.



STUDENT PARLIAMENT

Standing—H. C. Sneddon, A. C. Mote, L. H. Brown, M. L. McCaffery, H. L. Atkinson.

Sitting—G. E. Carr (Treasurer), F. I. Mabey (President), Dr. Mark (Honorary President), M. L. Magill (Vice-President),
M. C. Harvey (Secretary),



"THE SO-CALLED STUDENT PARLIAMENT"

"THAT is in the Constitution, is it not?"

"The Constitution?"

"Oh yes! The Constitution. I really don't know, having merely glanced at it. It was so long and boring."

How many students made that comment? It seemed to be the predominant attitude regarding the Constitution and the Student Parliament. However, that is quite natural. Bills read in Parliament often receive little consideration from the public until they have been enforced and begin to have a practical effect upon the people. In the same way, when the Constitution was adopted and enforced, the Students began to take an interest in it—especially when the taxes were levied.

Well do the members of the Executive remember that day! It was three in one—blue Monday, a Jonah and a nightmare, in five and a half hours. We were the serpents in the garden. The physiognomical expressions commonly called "dirty looks" followed us from room to room; crowded in upon our concentrated thoughts during lectures and attacked us furiously in the library and halls. By four o'clock our sympathetic nervous systems were shattered. Our muscles twitched—Saint Vitus held us in his death-like grip. Our limbs crumpled under the weight of our bodies—the dread Rickets threatened our very existence. Harsh, hollow coughs issued from our throats and made our body structures vibrate and clank like a rusty chain. We crept away from that house of horrors just when dawn began to stretch her long, bony, grey fingers across the sky. As we tried to assist one another along the walk, our over-wrought auditory nerves vibrated to the stimuli of raucous laughter, jeers, taunts, and volleys in which predominated the epithet, "embezzlers."

Ah, what martyrs to bear the burdens of that Hall of Fame upon such slender shoulders! Alas! We could not even die in order to become the aforementioned martyrs. The gods had decreed that we should live and suffer in the throes of these agonies.

What had we done to deserve such unjust criticism? We had attacked, fought furiously, and finely subjugated a monster called Budget. We tore him apart, slashing off large portions and made him surrender himself completely. Then we built him up again. The use of each dollar was carefully planned and all our skill exerted to keep the whole body as small as possible. After many hours of intense mental strain, we completed the specimen and he was ready for display. What a work of art! It was not with undue justification that each wended his way to his abode with a gleam of triumph in his eye and a smile of contentment on his lip.

Happy was the night, but sad the morn! Little did we realize that a venomous catastrophe was lurking at our heels.

Nor were we given time to regain a portion of our former health and sanity before it was necessary to collect the levies. In our weakened mental state, we fancied ourselves Norman lords being attacked by English churls. Bitter feelings seethed and foamed about us. In alarm, we girded on armours of books and rushed to the windows to call to each other for assistance. Gradually the siege subsided into short daily attacks which we withstood as best we could.

A short respite was granted us, and we reviewed with sorrow the results which the Student Parliament had effected. Our grey heads were bowed in grief and self-condemnation. With care-worn faces and bent shoulders we viewed the ruins of our dreams.

One slim ray of light penetrated the dark cloud—the Inter-Normal events between Toronto and London. Once more we gathered together the remnants of our forces and concentrated them upon this our last chance. Feverishly, we worked to make this a truly successful event. With parched lips and uncanny expressions gleaming from our eyes, we sat and planned each second of that week-end while the midnight oil burned low. By making this forthcoming visit a success, we prayed that we, the Executive, might redeem ourselves in the eyes of the House.

IT WAS A SUCCESS! A success which will blaze its way down through the annals of history. A success which will affect the life of every person who attends the Toronto or London Normal Schools. Do you condemn us for being a little proud? Our hearts sang out, "At last we have regained the goodwill and co-operation of the House! They shall be pleased with our work."

On the following Monday with high hopes and expectations, we hurried to school. What did they say? Nothing. Hardly a word was uttered regarding the management of that week-end. Once more we resigned ourselves to Fate.

In spite of all, we do not feel that this purgatory has been in vain. As pioneers we have hewn a rough road which shall remain to be smoothed and paved by those to whom Destiny shall bequeath the art of expounding knowledge in the future.

IRENE MABEE.

FORM NEWS

FORM I

"NICE, bright, Form I."

On the surface this statement sounds egotistical, but judging from the expression on Mr. McKone's face, the various times he has uttered this remark, we doubt very much its sincerity. The rumor has circulated around the School, especially among the members of the staff, that Form I is noisy. We have even been likened to Gracie Allan. We feel however that this is hardly fair, ours, at least, is an intelligent noise.

In proof of this we wish to recite the distinctions of Form I in the academic field. Miss Ruth Adrian, who leads the school in number, also leads the school in mathematics. Miss Adrian partly shares her honors with Miss Isabelle English, also of Form I, who has the distinction of being one of the three young ladies who obtained one hundred marks or over in the mathematics examination. It was a great disappointment to the mathematics master to find that three young ladies, and only ladies, obtained this honor. Form I extends its deepest sympathy to the mathematics master in his grief.

During the recent activities in connection with the visit of Toronto Normal School, the star of the debate, in the person of Miss Isabelle English, who, in the opinion of the audience in general, was by far the most convincing debater, was recruited from the ranks of Form I. Each of the basketball teams boast players from this unique (?) form, Misses Pauline Bridgette, Verna Burtwistle and Kathleen Downing. Even in the field of entertainment, although we do not boast the mystic beauty or the voice of a nightingale, as other forms might, three of the members of the septette, Misses Jean Copeland, Catherine Forman and Marion Finney, who had the honor of performing for the enjoyment—or otherwise—of Toronto Normal School, write Form I along with their name and numbers.

In closing our Form Notes, we wish to inform the student body of London Normal School, that, although we might be noisy; although we might resemble Gracie Allan; although we might often skip classes; and although we might be a disappointment to Mr. Clarke, we still lead the School in accomplishments, as well as in number.

MARION FINNEY.

* * *

Jack Dickenson—"Ladies and gentlemen, I understand the language of the wild animals, that's my hobby."

Fred Dickenson—"If you happen to run across a skunk, ask him what's the big idea."

FORM II

"If you want any help, come along to Form II."

These words rang out as the members of Form II brought to a close their programme at the Literary Society, in the latter part of March.

That does sound egotistical, does it not?

However, we really think we are the nicest Form we know. Even if we have not acquired that Bostonian accent or broadened our "a's" quite successfully—we feel that as a Form we have broadened and deepened our knowledge and attitudes of life more than pen can adequately describe.

"Frequently it has been inferred that Form II has the reputation of being the most reticent and reserved of all Normal classes."

This is a quotation from last year's Year Book. "Strange" is the word on our lips. "Seems to coincide with the general opinion of the Form II of 1932-1933."

Let me express the sentiments of Form II when I say:

"We are proud of our Form." "We like the intelligent modesty of each of its members."

It is impossible to mention the special merits of each individual, but we feel that those of a few should be given some recognition. Frances Jacobs and Jean Isles represented our Form capably on the Literary Executive. From representative to president, Frances became distinguished as a "leader" in the school. In the field of easels and paint brushes, Josephine Haldane and Margaret Harvey brought honor to our Form. Marian McCaffery represented us in the Student Parliament. If space permitted the dramatic ability recently realized in the play, "Dear Departed," should be expounded.

We feel certain that each member of Form II, at the close of this year, will not cease in her search after knowledge but will rather have as her ideal that of the 15th century scholar whom Robert Browning described in his "A Grammarian's Funeral":

"Grant I have mastered learning's crabbed text;
Still there's the comment,
Let me know all! Prate not of most or least,
Painful or easy!
Even to the crumbs I'd fain eat up the feast."

HELEN P. JANES.



FORM NEWS, Continued

FORM III

*"Full of pep and ginger,
Naught our joy can hinder!"*

How aptly that describes Form III! Yet, in spite of our gaiety, we have not forgotten the pleasures of school work. In every branch of school life we have proved our leadership. We have been worthily represented in both Literary Societies. Margaret Thornton, with her eloquent flow of English, has shown her literary prowess in the office of Secretary. Our Form representative, Marguerite Utter, showed herself a capable leader of the Form. We were no less honored in the second Literary Society. Ethel Riggs brought glory to Form III by being elected vice-president.

The new society, formed for the first time this year—the Students' Parliament—was indeed fortunate in having Irene Mabee, another of our illustrious Form, for its capable president. In still another field has Form III proved its leadership. Margaret Thornton is the able editor of the Year Book, a position to be highly coveted. In the Athletic Society, members of Form III again appear in the foreground. Gwen Overholt was vice-president and Kay Sutherland was secretary. Norma Patten, Margaret Smith, Bessie Squires and Marg. Thornton distinguished themselves on the basketball floor. Our Form was fortunate in having both a star debater and an orator in its midst. Irene Mabee proved in Hamilton that it takes a woman's help to win an argument. Doris Shuttleworth gave a very beautiful talk on the Twentieth Century Woman, winning first place in the oratory contests with Toronto Normal.

Our literary programme was of great interest to all. Pete Mabee ably directed the reproduction of several scenes from Shakespeare. We cannot mention each individual actor but Elsie McRoberts certainly charmed all with her command of the French language.

We are proud of these achievements and hope that our Form-mates may continue in the path which they are now tread.

During the year we had two enjoyable parties. On October 6 we had a Leap Year Party to which we invited Form V. Then again, on April 6th, the same two Forms entertained their friends. Both Class A and Class B had teas, which were highly successful. To these teas were invited members of the staff and their wives, and some other Forms of the School. At one of the teas, we were fortunate in having that interesting poet, Wilson Macdonald, entertain us with readings and talk.

We might go on with further chronicles of the exploits and feats of this miraculous Form but we shall be modest and bid you adieu. Third Form has told its tale.

HELEN SNEEDON.

FORM IV

One method of describing any object, person or group is to compare it to another similar but better known group. In writing an eulogy of Fourth Form, this would be impossible because no other form is similar to Form Four, and no other form is better known.

This Form is the only Form of this year which is all gentlemen. The students of Form VI are half gentlemen, or rather, half of Form VI are gentlemen. This immediately sets IV on a pedestal by itself, and the strong light won't hurt it. One master, the veracity of whose statements is never questioned, has repeatedly informed them that they are the cream of Western Ontario. We would like to know which Form he considers to be the peaches.

Another master believes them to be the most modest Form in the School. They consider this a compliment, although the grounds for the statement are only their quiet restraint and courteous silences. A quotation from Shakespeare may be suggested by the cynic—"There are a kind of men whose visages do," etc. In truth, the Form contains many Sidney Cartons, whose deep thoughts in the courts of justice are revealed neither by the expression of their faces nor by oral statement.

The mathematicians and scientists are usually found among the male element of a school, but this rule is not comprehensibly inclusive and mutually exclusive. A great number of the Form are scientists but not all scientists are in the Form. An outstanding example of scholarship is the representative from Wingham, who rejected seven scholarships to Queen's to turn pedagogue. If anyone wishes an argument on the theory of the universe or what have you, they can find it in this Form. Not all of the Form belong to the logical, self-contained group of scientists, for there are those who are familiar with the arts. Our musicians, literary critics and artists are of high order.

In physical ability and characteristics some unusual things might be noticed. The Form has the shortest and the tallest boys of the School, both musical, and both sing bass! On the basketball and hockey teams, "our boys did shine." Who came through with the lone goal in the Toronto hockey game? And the equally lone goal in the Hamilton game?

If I would be permitted to speak of myself, I might mention the saying that a depression or war always brings the best or the worst from a person. You realize now what is the matter with my writing.

One subject on which the Form is unanimous is their regrets. Their one, only and mutual regret is that they were not born rich instead of good-looking.

*"Oh, here's to the Fourth Form, the best of the crowd,
We're too modest to mention our praises out loud!"*
Our revels now are ended!

CLARENCE SADLER.



FORM NEWS, Continued

FORM V

Found! Forty-seven girls—remarkable girls!

Where? In Form V—cell numbers, 186-233.

New that they are found, let us look into the history of the year they were grouped together as a very happy, "good-natured" class in the London Normal School.

From the very beginning of the year, Thelma Holmes has been a most worthy member. She became the capable secretary of the Second Term Literary Executive. In December a very amusing programme was presented by the Form at the Literary Society meeting. It consisted of humorous songs and a skit.

During the basketball season, Form V had every reason to be proud. These are some of its members to whom basketball proved a great interest: Dorothy Morgan (Captain), Betty McNally, Violet Ross, Dorothy Kyte, Daisy Lewis, Marion Fenton, Lena Farrell and Dorothy Frances—more than a whole basketball team in itself.

Form V became very good friends with Form III at the beginning of the year, when the latter entertained Form V at a delightful party, early last October. When the snow covered the ground in February, the members of Form V were hostesses to Form III at a sleigh-ride party. Merrily the sleigh-bells rang out and mingled with laughing voices. Everyone enjoyed it very much—except one of the horses, which lay down when it heard discordant singing in the sleigh behind it.

On February 20th, Form V-A and Form VI-A were joint hostesses at an afternoon tea. Miss Evelyn Cox of Form V and Mrs. Stanley of Form VI, received the masters, their wives and some forms in the school, who were guests. The success of the affair was very largely due to Miss Neville's fine supervision.

Another social evening was spent in the School on April 6th, by Forms V and III.

Esther Plastow and Thelma Holmes were prominent in the musical field and various functions.

Form V was always ready to settle down to very serious tasks which gave every member great enjoyment. For instance, a class history project on a Scrap Book, was successfully carried out under the leadership of Miss Holmes and Mr. McEachern.

Don't you think we are in good form?

LENA FARRELL.

* * *

Overheard at a local boarding house—"Isn't it hard to think that this poor lamb was cut down to satisfy our appetites?"

Annette Rogers (struggling with a piece)—"Yes, it is tough."

FORM VI

Make way for the forty-eight varieties who are trooping down the gangplanks of the good ship "Form VI."

Here comes Norman Dawson. He is gesticulating with his hands, how one performs the feat of receiving a basketball and placing it in the basket without having the enemy trip one. Three cheers for you, Norman! Your nimble feet and keen eyes have saved many a day for London Normal. Morley McCracken, Lee Van Luven, Ross Gregory and Arthur Kidd have also shared honors with Norman. We are, indeed, proud of our basketball players. And next is Max Magill. How we have rejoiced to hear your condemnation of the popular Liberty magazine; how we have thrilled to your words of wisdom in the classroom, and as vice-president of the Students' Parliament. I see Vera Sherif standing with a pencil poised above her yellow pad. Not an absentee escapes her notice.

Oh, hello Art! May I have a story of your life? Yes, it will be printed. Mr. Kidd amuses the citizens of Walkerville with wise-cracks when he is not doing the same in London. Have you heard? Art is sports editor of the Year Book staff and secretary of the Boys' Athletic Society. Oh, to be popular!

Hurry please, Mr. Van Luven. The orchestra must have a piano player, you know. There is Merlyn Boyce and Charlie Laing, waiting until they can too their beloved saxophones.

Lewis, Chester and Clifford Brown are discussing the advantages of having the same name. I wonder if Dehlia and Irma Wilson feel the same way about it.

Woe unto the person who says that Leslie Pickles did not make a good officer of the first term Literary Society.

Congratulations, Eva Thomas! I certainly liked your Art work at Mr. McEachern's exhibit. Your work was well done, too. Agnes Swanton.

Who comes now? It's George Philpot looking serious and no wonder! We do not envy you your work as business manager of the Year Book. You are a fine manager, too, Mrs. Stanley. Our tea went very smoothly, due to you. Both are winners of the prize by Dr. Hoffer for the best Nature Study and Agriculture Notes.

Will you please look at George Carr. He has the money counted to the last penny. No wonder you make a good treasurer.

But now the gangplank is clear and even the last member of Form VI has started on a new journey, hopeful, indeed of the future. With what pleasant recollections of L. N. S. we begin our life's work! We shall not only miss the friendly comradeship we have enjoyed, but we shall remember the kindness of the staff. We hope that the school will remember us and we wish the students of all the other forms every success in the teaching profession.

ANNETTE ROGERS.



WISE AND OTHER WISE

A LOW STORY

Everet Boughner (teaching Grade VII).—"Now I want you to parse this sentence: 'He led the cow into the stall.' What mood?"
Bright Pupil—"The cow, sir."

Henry Edgar—"Take a seat, Max."

Max McIntyre—"No thanks. I can't stand sitting."

Mae Thompson rang up the nearest garage—"Hello," she said, "my car's turned turtle. Can you do anything for me?"
"Sorry," was the reply. "Wrong number. You want the Zoo."

Dr. Mark—"Can anyone tell me where we find man goes?"

Marg. Culbert—"Yes sir, where woman goes."

"Dr. Hofferd," said Betty McNally, "how can you tell a lady worm from a gentleman worm?"
"That's easy," was the answer, "the lady worm never signals before she turns."

"Iceland," said Leslie to the class, "is about as big as Siam."

The next day on being asked, "How big is Iceland?" a pupil replied—"It is about five feet six inches long and about four feet six inches wide."

Dorothy Goddard (at the grocer's)—"Three of those apples you sold me yesterday were rotten. I'll bring them back and show you."

Courteous Clerk—"Pray do not trouble, Miss Goddard, your word is just as good as the apples themselves."

Conductor—"You'd better keep your head inside the window."

Ruth Arnold—"I guess I can look out of the window if I want to."

Conductor—"Yes, but if you damage any of the ironwork of the bridges, you'll pay for it."

Max Magill—"I want monetary reform; I want political reform; I want educational reform; I want—"
Annette Rogers—"Chloroform."

Mr. Clark—"Parse the word 'kiss'."

Allan Campbell—"The word is a noun, but is usually used as a conjunction. It is never declined and more common than proper. It is not singular, in that it is used in the plural. It agrees with me."

Violet Ross and Dot Kyte were waiting in the library. Said Dot to Violet—"What do you admire most in a man—intelligence, wealth or appearance?"

Violet—"Appearance—and the sooner the better."

Lee—"Dot, do you suppose I could take your father apart and talk to him?"

Dot (sweetly)—"You won't have to, dear, he goes to pieces every time he sees you."

Never make fun of Dorothy Charleton's coffee. You may be old and weak sometime yourself.

"Mr. McEachern," said Mac, as he turned the pages of history, "how did the cliff dwellers keep warm in the wintertime?"

Mr. McEachern—"Why, I guess they used the mountain ranges. Now don't ask any more foolish questions."

Mrs. MacGregor—"Dorothy Morgan, come to bed!"

Dorothy—"I can't. I'm all wrapped up in my problem."

Mrs. MacGregor—"Tell him to go home."

Mr. McKone—"Has anyone any difficulty with her time-table?"

Dorothy Morgan—"I can't find enough time for Art."



*Isn't it strange that princes and kings,
And clowns who caper in sawdust rings,
And common folks like you and me
Are BUILDERS for eternity?
To each is given a book of rules,
A shapeless mass and a bag of tools,
And each must make, e'er life has flown,
A stumbling block or a stepping stone.*

BUILDERS! Each of us is a builder, and it is to the London Normal School we have come, to hew and chisel and in every way improve our lives, to make of them not awkward, stumbling blocks but adequate stepping stones.

Good old crimson-gold! London Normal! Our school! Could any-one have more reason to be proud than we? No! London Normal has a reputation of undefiled honor and we, the graduates of 1933, have done our utmost to hold this standard of honor and integrity, even higher than ever before. It is with sad hearts but many pleasant memories that we leave London Normal, to look back in future years upon our ten months of bright, happy, and joyous friendship and training.

As the poet has said, "Friendship is a silken tie." How numerous are the friendships we form while at Normal! Friendships with masters, instructors and critic teachers and with one another. But now our paths must diverge. Some of our Normal friendships may be discontinued, never to be renewed, but others will continue throughout life.

As we look in retrospect upon our Normal year, we shall find, I believe, that four influences have made a unique contribution to our development. Firstly, the masters and instructors. How kind they have been, ever

advising us and helping us to overcome the rough spots we encountered in the road! Never cross and irritable, but always pleasant and amiable. And secondly, the critic teachers. We must admit that they have been patient and as encouraging as possible, helping to smooth out the wrinkles and giving a polish and lustre to our feeble attempts at teaching.

Then, we shall remember each other. I do not believe there could be a school where the students would be more delightedly eager to help one another, giving this, loaning that, and being helpful in every way at all times. And last but not least, the social activities. Life could not become dull at Normal! There is always somewhere to go and something to do. The social activities at Normal afford the opportunity for masters, critic teachers and students alike, to mingle as friends and comrades.

And we, who have chosen one of the noblest of professions, that of educating the coming generation, can regard with pleasure and thankfulness, the privilege of attending the London Normal School. For here we have grown academically and spiritually. Our ideals have been lifted aloft and we have learned to strive for the achievement of all that is good and true and noble. May we carry on this torch and hand it down undimmed, by word and deed, to those who will follow us in the years to come.

MARY D. VANDERHEIDEN,

Form III.



SOME BIRDS OF THE NORMAL SCHOOL

NAME	FIELD MARK	HAUNT	ADAPTATION	CALL	RELATION TO MAN
1. ART KIDD	Long, strong beak	Patten's	Talking	Dot!	Ask him!
2. DOT MORGAN	Long legs	Patten's	Kidding	Oh! it's lousy	Fascinated by Form VI
3. ANNETTE ROGERS	Brumette crown	In shady places	Changes with surroundings	Continuous chatter	Private property
4. MORLEY McCRACKEN	Red crown	Out	Going out	When do we eat?	Disowned
5. GEORGIA WARD	Beaming smile	Form III	Smiling	Gee!	Spreads sunshine
6. GEORGE PHILLOT	Softly mien	Library	Getting ads.	You need to advertise	Digging up ads.
7. IRENE RICHENS	Short beak	Library (?)	Watching other birds	Scram!	Co-related
8. DEAN CARROLL	Flighty	Piano stool	Thanking the masters	Twittering	Not related
9. LISA FARRELL	Irish smile	Bed	Keeping dates on schedule and straight	Is it 8:15? Heck!	Co-operative
10. HAROLD STEPHENSON	Curly feathers	163 Duchess	Falling asleep	Where's Lena?	Pal—ly
11. LEE VAN LUYEN	Coffee strainer	Grand Avenue	"Kitten on the Keys"	"Darkness on the Delta"	Harmless
12. DOT FRANCH	Blonde crown	Keith's	Slow drawl	Aw—w!	Singular
13. HUGH PARTLOW	Knock knees	Alpha House	Wurzel Flummery	Snore!	Who knows?
14. THELMA HOLMES	Cheery song, well-rounded back	Spotlight	Bright remarks	Dawgone!	Attractive
15. LEE PICKLES	Curved beak	Normal halls	Unable to run from enemies	Critical	Above the common herd
16. ANDY ANDERSON	Fluffy head	Fountain's	History	"Le - Reinder"	Woman hater (???)
17. ETHEL RIDGUS	Well preened	Western University	Watching rugby games and Lyle	Gee, he's cute, kids!	"One man" woman
18. MARG. THORNTON	Brown eye	Hither and yon	Basketball	Isn't it scrummy?	Beneficial
19. ACT DICKINSON	Moutache (?)	Maggie's trail	Calling for "Maggie"	Met. 7883	Distracting
20. NORM. DAWSON	Long pointed beak	Matland and St. James	Basketball	Shoot!	Doubtful
21. HELEN SWEDDEN	Giggle	25 Baconfield	Blushing	Oroh Eoh!	Friendly
22. BOB STRAUSS	Curly eyelashes	163 Duchess	Fluttering	Helen—!	Faithful
23. HELEN ATKINSON	Black crown	Avec Pat	Versatile	Pat—Pat!	Congenial
24. LAWRENCE PATTERSON	Sombre livery	51 Askar	Daily northward migrant	Oh!	Securable
25. VI ROSE	Dot Kyo's clothes	Library after four	Arguing	O—L (A)	Brown
26. ALLAN BROWN	Determined men	Corner Watley and Tecumach	Post-propping	Vio-let	Hermit
27. MARGARET TEBBALL	Curly top-knot	Just "around"	Dancing?	Jim-ee!	Close
28. JIMMY GILLESPIE	Black top-knot	Just "around"	Dancing?	Teddy	Close
29. EVELYN COV	Source of information is pruned	Omar's arms	An Omar specialty	Met. 2623W	Particular
30. OMAR RELITY	Long legs visible in flight	Permanent resident around Cox's	Devotee	Evelyn!	Devoted—but not to man
31. NORMA PATTEN	RuRed	On the yellow slip	Frequent migration from Normal	OK! Dot!	Afraid
32. JACK NIDDRAM	Blond thatch	Library look-out	Hair-cuts	Oh! Oh!	Unobtrusive
33. JALA DICKINSON	Tall, handsome bird	At Ace's	Breaking hearts	Loud	Wary
34. RUTH ARNOLD	Piercing personality	St. Thomas	Social Activities	Mere Man ! !	Companionate
35. MARGARET H. CULBERT	Blue eyes	Wherever you go—	Varied	Jack	Reserved
36. EVERETT BOUGHNER	Light plumage	London Whet	Basketball	Violet	Uninterested

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OUR SCHOOL GARDEN

SEPTEMBER was nearing its close when I caught my first glimpse of the London Normal School garden. Its summer glory was then on the wane, but there still remained some mute evidences of its previous splendour. Many of the beds had already been mutilated by the hand of the harvester, while in others, stems with shrivelled leaves and rustling seed-pods told the story of summer's departure.

Yet there were still attractive features to cheer the heart of the spectator. Many of the flower beds so primly laid out were now overgrown with masses of nasturtiums in riotous bloom. Nearby, the feathery green cosmos swayed on its branching stem and in another place insects hummed busily over fragrant masses of mignonette. Giant castor-oil beans stood with lordly mien surrounded by a scarlet guard of salvia.

The vegetable divisions showed the ravages of time and man much more noticeably and did not present a very favourable appearance. Gaunt lettuce stems were burdened with seed, whilst sweet pepper, vegetable oyster and kale indicated full maturity. Large cabbage heads were beginning to burst here and there.

Nevertheless, behind this variety and profusion, it was evident that the garden was admirably adapted for the needs of the different seasons of the year, and for illustrating the purposes of a garden. It had furnished spring delicacies in the form of lettuce, radishes, beets and onions. In summer, flowers such as pinks, candy tuft, sweet alyssum, poppies and marigolds were seen, and these were followed by zinnias, salvia and asters blooming profusely during the autumn.

Last year's class had planted flower seeds to form a design: "London Normal School, 1932," along the north side of the garden. This produced a unique and pleasing effect. It is to the gardeners of the 1932 class, therefore that we raise our voices in loud acclamation for their skill and good taste. May our school garden of the year 1933 attain this high and pleasing standard, and may our garden, left behind, be a real joy and profit for the new class next September.

"That wonderful gift which some gardeners seem to have for growing anything is no magic; it comes from the love of plants. . . . And that other gift for making a garden beautiful is no magic either; it comes of loving the garden as well as the plants."

ESTHER M. PLASTOW.

OUR BULLETIN BOARD

Among the Normal pictures that hang on memory's wall, shall we ever remember, indeed can we ever forget, that of the Bulletin Board!

MARGARET BODKIN.



